LINDBERGH HIDES HIS MEDAL *by Barbara Giles*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY JUNE 3, 1941

HAROLD LASKI: KING'S SOCIALIST

By A. B. Magil

GAMBLING WITH AMERICA

What led up to FDR's speech. An Editorial

BRITISH POETRY IN TWO WARS

By Edgell Rickword

Samuel Sillen, Mike Quin, Ernest Moorer, Joy Davidman, David McKelvy White

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A SAILOR . . . .

NEW MASSES is no landlubber. NM ships out, gets around in the world in many a seaman's locker. Lots of our best friends are seafaring men and we are happy to print this letter from a lad making the run down to Argentina:

Buenos Aires,
May 10, 1941

Dear Friends:

I've just read Ruth McKenney's appeal in the May 6th issue of NEW MASSES. It's been some time since I had the opportunity to read NEW MASSES, and I didn't realize it was in such a bad fix financially. I mention the word opportunity, for I don't get the chance to read my favorite magazine as often as I'd like to. I spend most of my time at sea. Time was when I used to buy NEW MASSES regularly, and take it with me on these long voyages. Only then was I able to keep up with the news I miss when at sea. Once in a while I run across it when I get to shore down here, but usually I have to wait till I get back to the States.

I'm enclosing a dollar. Wish I could send more, but we get our pay up north. If the drive is still on by the time we get back to the states, you can expect a further donation from me.

Yours for a long and prosperous life,
Sincerely,
Frank Harrison.

That dollar means a lot to us. We hope it does to you. Will you match Sailor Harrison's hard-earned dollar to keep this ship afloat? You know the full story. That $25,000 must be raised—every dollar of it—to meet the creditors. We're pretty far from it, with the total $17,377 to date. We cannot exaggerate the danger this magazine is in. When you are building a bridge across an abyss you've got to make it go all the way across. And so with our drive. That $25,000 is the absolute minimum; and our bridge across the abyss of financial suppression is not complete till the full sum is reached. The creditors have agreed to wait until the full goal is reached. We cannot satisfy them with less.

Can we count on you to help, as Frank Harrison did? One dollar from each reader will build that bridge all the way across.

THE League of American Writers informs us that tickets are selling quickly for the mass meeting "In Defense of Culture" which is being held in connection with the Fourth American Writers Congress and the Congress of American Artists. The meeting will take place Friday night, June 6, at 8:30, Manhattan Center, New York City. Richard Wright, Art Young, Samuel Putnam, Rockwell Kent, Vito Marcantonio, Edgar Snow, Genevieve Taggard, Robert K. Speer, and Dashiell Hammett are among the speakers. Prominent figures of the theatrical and musical worlds will participate in the program, which will be in dramatized form. All seats are reserved; tickets may be obtained at the 44th Street Book Fair, 133 West 44th St.; the Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th St.; the offices of the League of American Writers and the American Artists Congress, 381 Fourth Ave.; and the United American Artists offices, 206 West 23d St.

Flashbacks

LITTLE STEEL, which is doing its patriotic duty in "defense" of democracy as the juicy armaments orders are passed out, made a comment on domestic policy Memorial Day, 193". Police that day opened fire on strikers at the Republic Steel plant outside Chicago, killing four on the spot and wounding one hundred more, some fatally. . . . Rose Pastor Stokes, who opposed the last imperialist war, was sentenced to ten years in prison on May 31, 1918.

Who's Who

MIKE QUIN is the author of the pamphlets *The Yanks Are Not Coming* and *The Enemy Within,* and is a columnist for the *People's World.* . . . Edgell Rickword is a well known British literary critic. . . . Alex Sandor is a young New York short story writer. . . . Harlan Crippen's poems have previously appeared in NM. . . . Ernest Moorer is a New York newspaperman. . . . Herbert Aptheker is the author of *The Negro in the Civil War, Negro Slave Revolts in the United States,* and *The Negro in the American Revolution.* . . . David McKelvy White for nine months in 1937 served as machine gunner in the Spanish Republican Army.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXXIX, No. 11

June 3, 1941

Gambling with America *An editorial* 3
Harold Laski: The King's Socialist *by A. B. Magil* . . 4
Gropper's Cartoon 7
What Every Strap-Hanger Should Know *by Ernest Moorer* 8
Lindbergh Hides His Medal *by Barbara Giles* 9
British Poetry in Two Wars *by Edgell Rickword* . . . 12
Geography for Moderns *by Harlan Crippen* 13
Visitation of the Magi *by Alex Sandor* 16
Editorial Comment 18
Readers' Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Our Cultural Stakes *by Samuel Sillen* 23
War Survey *by David McKelvy White* 24
Northern Merchants *by Herbert Aptheker* 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

St. George Pets the Dragon *by Joy Davidman* . . . 28
Progressive Theater *by Joseph Foster* 29

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VOLUME XXXIX JUNE 3 NUMBER 11

NEW MASSES

GAMBLING WITH AMERICA

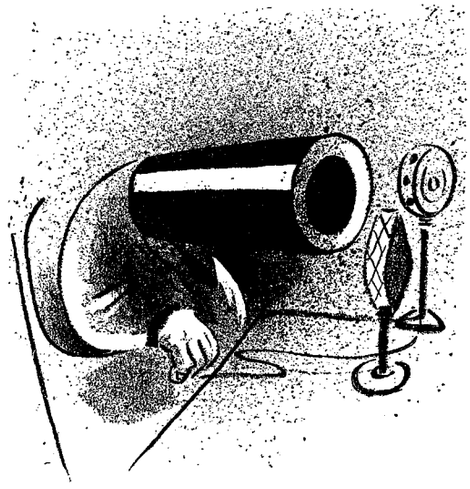
What led up to the President's speech. The question which haunts the country's rulers. Unloosing new stratagems to repeal the Neutrality Act. An editorial.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT spoke to the American people as the storm over Crete grew fiercer, as the British foothold in the Middle East became more precarious, as Rudolph Hess, "somewhere in Scotland," continued behind a synthetic curtain of obscurity to thrust an alternative course before the British and American governments, as labor moved forward again in the United States, as the crescendo of protest against further acts of war continued to mount. This issue of NEW MASSES went to press before the President spoke. Whether he proposed new measures of involvement in the "shooting war," or whether he confined himself to whipping up that war fever which is so signally absent among the American public, the President's fireside chat must be understood in the context of military and political developments and the contending social forces here and abroad.

The President's talk had been postponed more than two weeks. It was an open secret that the ill health which was given as the reason for the delay was more political than physical. The campaign to convoy the country into active belligerency had encountered the angry salvos of average Americans in all parts of the land. Despite the Gallup polls, truckloads of mail, predominantly opposed to war, continued to be dumped at the White House and in the offices of members of Congress. What Mark Sullivan calls "the embarrassment of a promise"—the promise Roosevelt made during the election campaign to keep America out of war—was creating difficulties among the many millions who had taken that promise literally. The fate of France warned the President of the dangers involved in dragging an unwilling or apathetic nation into war. Something more had to be done to "educate" and "soften up" the public. In addition, the militancy of labor and the bungling of the big shots in charge of the arms program have counseled caution, though reports about the latter may be deliberately exaggerated to create a pretext for cracking down on the unions and on civil liberties.

Abroad, events in the eastern Mediterranean, in the Middle East, in the Atlantic, and in the Far East have posed a problem which cannot easily be resolved. From the outbreak of the war American imperialism had calculated on assuming an ever larger role in its conduct while refraining from active belligerency until the moment when its participation could be decisive. This is the policy it pursued so successfully in World War I. But that timetable has been upset by the speed of the Nazi advance, the collapse of France, the unexpected weakness of the British empire, and the slowness of the American arms effort. The question which haunts the American ruling class is whether it may not be already too late to win the war. And even if victory can still be won, may not its cost be too great? These hard-headed gentlemen are not at all impressed with the pleas of the editors of the *Nation* and *New Republic* to seize Dakar, seize the Azores, seize this and that (remember what these editors called the Soviet Union when it proposed to *lease* a couple of strategic points in Finland and to make an exchange of territory under which Finland would have received two and a half times what it gave?). The rulers of America would love to do all these things and more if they could feel there was a fair chance of emerging from the game without losing their shirts. And the Hess trip is dramatic evidence that both the winning and losing sides in this war are acutely conscious of the dilemma that confronts them. Both recoil from the implications of a long, exhausting conflict, of continued growth in Soviet power, of the reckoning that must come between imperialism and the peoples of the belligerent countries and the colonial world.

THE Washington columnists, Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner, underscored the cynical, adventurist character of the administration's approach to the problem when they wrote on May 26 that "the President finds himself in the position of a man who has put his entire fortune on one bet, sees the bet going sour, but still has the chance to get double or quits. Yet if he doubles up, there is additional risk in the sense that he may not be followed by the people."



The people—this is the shadow that hovers over the gamblers on both sides. Roosevelt is gambling with the lives and welfare of the people, but he also is gambling with the life of the imperialist system. And what he stands to lose may be greater than what he stands to win. For the outstanding fact of the entire situation is that in recent weeks *Roosevelt and all the predatory forces of war have been losing to the American people.* They have been losing despite the relative weakness of the organized peace movement, despite the failure of the trade unions to take the initiative and the efforts of certain labor leaders to align them with the war bloc, despite the confusion spread by the reactionary America First Committee, despite the incessant war propaganda of the press, radio, and movies.

It is because the people have won important, if partial, victories that new stratagems are being devised: those twins of twaddle, Stimson and Knox, having been rebuffed on convoys, are unloosed again to start a clamor for complete repeal of the Neutrality Act while President Roosevelt issues broad hints concerning "freedom of the seas," a doctrine which helped involve us in the last war; and the ineffable fuehrer of New York, Fiorello LaGuardia, fresh from assaults on the right of collective bargaining, is made gauleiter of hysteria-mongering in order to browbeat "morale" into the people. Whether the administration takes the final plunge for which all its preceding steps have prepared, or whether it engages in secret negotiations for an imperialist peace, or whether it does both simultaneously, it needs to keep the country keyed up in a way that disrupts and harasses the lives of millions. Whatever its future course, the common folk of America are being kept in the dark as to what is going on behind the scenes; they are being lied to, imposed upon and gambled with by men to whom human life is cheap, who daily show their contempt for democracy, who, like the 200 families of France, are ready to send a nation to death rather than give up their privileges and power. These dreamers of world empire turned over Spain and Czechoslovakia to fascism, continue to arm Japan against China and to woo the fascist rulers of Spain and France. They have proved on the record that they can only bring disaster to America. The people must take the defense against fascism, whether of the Berlin or Wall Street variety, into their own hands. Those hands are strong and can fashion peace and a new world.

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HAROLD LASKI: THE KING'S SOCIALIST

The British Labor Party's intellectual ornament in theory and practice. A. B. Magil discusses the chameleonic behavior of a liberal ideologist. The first of two articles.

BOTH in America and England there has grown up a considerable literature of apology for the war. Most of these books and articles are more notable for rhetoric than for cogency of argument, and some frankly appeal for an abdication of rational processes and an immersion in mystical faith. But what is significant is that this is a war whose nature is so suspect among a large body of the public in both countries that it needs constantly to be explained and justified. I concede that it is possible to make out some kind of a case for the proposition that a victory for Anglo-American imperialism would rejuvenate capitalist democracy. That case rests on extremely fragile foundations, but it has a specious surface plausibility, especially if one excludes all consideration of a third alternative to the triumph of either imperialist bloc. But to argue, as some of the war apologists do, that support of the designs of Morgan and Montagu Norman will bring a new social order is to descend to the level of the snake-oil doctor whose magic bottle is guaranteed to cure all human ills. Old John Donne's injunction to "Get with child a mandrake root" set a simple task compared to that of producing socialism by embracing capitalist war.

Perhaps the most influential proponent of this thesis on both sides of the ocean is Harold Laski. Laski is the intellectual ornament of the British Labor Party, a member of its national executive, a force in its inner councils. Because in recent years he was known as a Left Socialist, an advocate of the united front with the Communists and of the people's front, his present opinions carry especial weight with those liberals who fraternized, however briefly, with the forces of the left. Moreover, Laski's twenty-odd books covering a wide range of problems in the field of political science, his frequent contributions to American liberal and scholarly journals, and his prolonged visits to the United States have made his work hardly less well known in this country than in his own. His ideas on the war have influenced such diverse writers as Dorothy Thompson, Quincy Howe, and Max Lerner. Laski's recent book, *Where Do We Go from Here?* (Viking Press, $1.75), has, in fact, become the bible of the war intelligentsia and his doctrine of "revolution by consent" is very much *de rigueur* at the better Connecticut house parties.

ALL OF WHICH is more than curious. For the prestige which today secures an audience for "revolution by consent" is based on books in which he repeatedly refuted this doctrine. "Revolution by consent" is, in fact, a new trade-name for a very old, very discredited brand of merchandise: the reformist "gradualism" of the British Labor Party and international Social Democracy. It is nothing more or less than the doctrine of accommodation to capitalism. In contradistinction to Marxism, reformism, which is the philosophy of the Socialist Parties of all countries, including the British Labor Party, proceeds from the assumption that capitalism will grow into socialism through the gradual accretion of reforms. This is essentially a philosophy of patching up capitalism, of trying to make an unworkable system work. It is a variant of the ideology of the liberal bourgeoisie. In practice this means collaboration with the capitalists in both industry and government, and the restriction of working class activity to the limits set by the dominant class. It also involves as a rule abandonment of the struggle for those immediate reforms which are declared to be the means of achieving socialism; and in time of crisis it leads to active suppression of the working class by men who call themselves socialists. This is what happened in Germany in 1918-19 and throughout most of the tragic history of the Weimar republic; it is happening in England today. Marxism, on the other hand, maintains that socialism requires a complete break with capitalism, that the economic principles of the two systems being mutually exclusive, there can be no evolution of one into the other. The struggle for immediate reforms is the means of organizing, strengthening, and educating the workers and the majority of the people for the ultimate solution; to attempt to conduct this activity on the basis of a capital-labor partnership is to frustrate both reform and basic social change.

Though Harold Laski professes to be a Marxist, I shall show that he is and always has been a middle-class liberal umbilically bound to the assumptions and prejudices of capitalism. I shall show, furthermore, that what Laski believes today, he disbelieves tomorrow, that about the fundamental problems which face mankind he has changed his mind so often, so inconsistently, and with such complete indifference to principle that he has lost the right to give advice to even the most unenlightened person.

The argument of *Where Do We Go from Here?* is, in brief, as follows. The war is a consequence of the fact that the British and French governments, out of hatred for the Soviet Union and the desire to prevent the downfall of Hitler and Mussolini, "consciously wrecked collective security." Moreover, it is not merely a specific capitalist policy, but "precisely the present organization [of society], with its confused contradictions, that has led us into this war." Nevertheless, the war is just and the people have a stake in the victory of British imperialism. For the fascists are outlaws, their activities aren't cricket, they don't play the game according to the rules. The complete defeat of fascism requires a revolution in the countries conquered by the Axis as well as in Germany and Italy; the leaders of the British government, therefore, "have to win a war in the course of which they have to provoke a revolution." But the ability of the British ruling class to "provoke" social revolution in Europe "depends on beginning now the transformation of Great Britain into a more equal and more just society." There must be "revolution by consent"—that is, by consent of the privileged classes. Of course, it should be nothing drastic. "Obviously enough, the pressure of the war effort must make it ["a great program of social reconstruction"] symbolical rather than conclusive." But could not the government, for example, repeal the Trade Union Law Amendment Act of 1927 which bars sympathetic strikes?—especially since "The trade unions cheerfully surrender, knowing full well the risks they run, the economic safeguards they have built up after years of effort."

Is there evidence that such a "revolution by consent" is under way in England? Ralph Ingersoll, editor and publisher of the newspaper *PM*, assures us there is: but the foremost exponent of this doctrine doesn't think so. Laski admits that "no measure has yet been forthcoming from the British government which would have as its consequence any serious change in the distribution of economic power. If the war ended with victory tomorrow, it would find virtually unchanged the relation of privilege to the masses." Unchanged except that the workers would be deprived of the economic safeguards which the trade union leaders "cheerfully surrender." And he admits, furthermore, that if liberty and democracy are to be enjoyed only by a few, then the war "is one between two cruel irrationalisms, the result of which makes very little difference to those excluded from liberty and democracy." What chance is there that the old-school tie boys will undertake Laski's "revolution by consent"? He tells us that there is a "massive body of evidence, so grimly supplemented by the recent experience of France, which supports" the view —once shared by Laski himself—that "capitalist power will not surrender its privileges without fighting for them." And in an article in the *Nation* of March 22, 1941, he declares that he is asking the British ruling class to display "a magnanimity which is one of the rarest qualities in history." In other words, Laski is urging support of a war, the outcome of which, if it continues on the present basis, he concedes would make very little difference to the people, and at the

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same time he is holding up to them the hope of a "revolution by consent" of the capitalists which he admits is improbable!

APART from its self-contradictions, this argument points to a number of conclusions. First, Laski bandies about the word "revolution" in the most shameless manner. He castrates a concept which throughout the ages has been associated with great acts of social liberation. And he descends on all fours to the level of the demagogs. Dorothy Thompson, too, who devoted years to denouncing the mild New Deal reforms as "Socialism" writes that "Britain has become the master and flag-bearer of the European revolution" (New York *Herald Tribune,* Feb. 7, 1941). The fact is that neither on the continent nor in England does Laski seek revolution in the sense of a transfer of power from one class to another. His fraudulent use of the word becomes evident as soon as he begins to describe the changes he desires in England. He declares that the "transformation must be big enough in range and depth to make it evident that the partnership between privilege and the masses [priceless phrase!] is of a permanent character." In short, he wants to maintain rather than abolish capitalism. And he looks for leadership of his "revolution" to the capitalist class itself. Were this proposal made sincerely (of which there is a reasonable doubt) it would at best be utopian; but its immediate practical effect is *to reduce the workers to passive instruments of the capitalist will.* And how far "revolution by consent" has taken its author may be seen from an article in the London *Picture Post* of Nov. 9, 1940, in which he wrote: "He [Churchill] must be prepared deliberately to build a new social order at home that he may cause the peoples of Europe to emulate his example abroad. He has the courage and audacious imagination for which the effort calls."

Churchill, the Tory and swashbuckling imperialist, the man who organized the armed intervention against the first socialist state in 1918-20 and played so large a role in breaking the British general strike in 1926, is to be the leader of both the English and European revolutions against capitalism! This could more accurately be described as counter-revolution by consent.

Laski's discussion involves the fundamental problem of the nature of the state and the corollary question of whether capitalism will consent to its own dissolution when the majority of the people desire it. Concerning the latter Laski has written so frequently and explicitly as to leave no doubt of his view in the years prior to the outbreak of the war. On the eve of the second imperialist conflict he wrote in NEW MASSES of Aug. 1, 1939:

> British Labor suffers, I think, from the same disease as the movements in Germany and the United States: the belief that British capitalists are so different from others that tradition and the habit of the "gentleman" will persuade them to abide by electoral defeat and cooperate in the constitutional erosion of their privileges. That seems to me, in the light of Spain and the Munich settlement, in the differential treatment of the Soviet Union, on the one hand, and Hitler and Mussolini, on the other, to be sheer illusion. Our problem is to make the British working class realize in time that in a choice between capitalism and democracy, their masters have no doubt that they prefer capitalism; that they will smash the constitution into pieces if it stands in the way of their privileges. No other lesson seems to me so clear in the post-war years. No other lesson does it seem to me so important to drive home.

From about 1934 to the beginning of the war Laski, as far as I have been able to discover, never wavered from this view. But even in the earlier days when, far from being a critic of the British Labor Party, he was himself a right-wing Socialist, enamored of "the inevitability of gradualness," he frequently expressed, though with less consistency, the same attitude. As far back as 1927, in his little book, *Communism* (which is really an anti-Communist tract), Laski wrote: "It is, moreover, true that no ruling class in history has so far surrendered its privileges, or utilized its authority for the common good without a struggle . . . and there is a real basis for the assumption that the holders of power in a capitalist state are no exception to the rule." And in *Democracy in Crisis,* published in 1933, he wrote: "To ask from the capitalist a peaceful abdication is like asking a pagan emperor to admit the intellectual compulsion of Christianity." In *The State in Theory and Practice,* which appeared in 1935, the idea that the capitalist class will not voluntarily abide by the will of the majority is developed to the point of redundancy; supported by evidence not only from the fascist countries, but from England, the United States, and France, it forms one of the principal themes of the book. There are similar expressions in *Liberty in the Modern State* (1930), *The Rise of Liberalism* (1936), *Parliamentary Government in England* (1938), and elsewhere throughout Laski's work of the past decade. And in *Democracy in Crisis* he cites as evidence of the improbability of "revolution by consent" the truculent attitude toward the general strike adopted by—Winston Churchill!

It should be noted that Laski's rejection of the idea that the capitalists will voluntarily relinquish power led him at times to imply that violent revolution was inevitable. The fact is, however, that it is the forces of reaction which have throughout history used violence to suppress the majority.

Our own Civil War was precipitated by the refusal of the slaveholders—the forefathers of such congressmen as Dies, Cox, and Vinson—to abide by the decision of the majority expressed in the election of Lincoln. In Spain in 1936 it was the capitalists and large landowners, abetted by foreign fascism, who organized violent rebellion against a legally elected democratic government. And had the first people's front government, dominated by middle-class republicans, used against the enemies of democracy the police measures which the Communists urged, not only would civil war and fascist conquest have been averted, but the transition to socialism might have been carried through peacefully. The foremost leaders of international Communism, Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, far from idealizing violence, have all held that peaceful social transformation was highly desirable and in certain situations possible. In Russia after the bourgeois-democratic revolution of March 1917 the Bolsheviks for months worked for a peaceful advance to socialism. Only after the so-called July days, when the Mensheviks and the Social Revolutionaries joined with the monarchist and bourgeois parties in abrogating civil liberties and establishing a repressive military dictatorship did the peaceful development of the revolution become impossible. (In this connection see Lenin's article, "On Slogans," written shortly after the July days, and Stalin's report on the political situation at the sixth congress of the Bolshevik Party in August 1917.)

Needless to say, the Communists in this country and everywhere likewise refrain from the advocacy of violence. It is the big business interests, whom the La Follette committee revealed as our foremost advocates and practitioners of force and violence, who are today at the controls in Washington.

LASKI'S THINKING on this question in the years immediately preceding World War II flowed inevitably from his analysis of the nature of the state. His ideas on this subject had undergone a drastic metamorphosis. In the preface to the sixth edition of *A Grammar of Politics,* originally published in 1925, he wrote: "In the nine years that have passed since the publication of this book little has occurred which seems to me to call for any change in its essential doctrine. Indeed, time has, I think, reinforced rather than diminished the truth of the central principles it sought to lay down." Laski is chronically afflicted with a form of ideological amnesia which causes him to forget his frequent changes of opinion. It is characteristic of him that he always writes in a mood of Olympian rationalism, as if there were an unbroken continuity in his ideas. The fact is there is a complete antithesis between the theory of the state in *A Grammar of Politics* and that expounded in *The State in Theory and Practice,* a book which Laski was already working or preparing to work on when he wrote the above words. The same antithesis may be found in the treatment of the League of Nations and many other questions in the two books. The concept of the state in the earlier work ("The state is thus a fellowship of men aiming at the enrichment of the common life") stems from the utilitarianism of Jeremy Bentham, the English bourgeois economist and philosopher of the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, a debt frankly acknowledged. The theory of the state in the later book is derived from Marx,

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Engels, and Lenin—without acknowledgment. It is remarkable to what extent Laski has appropriated large elements of the Marxist theory and passed them off as his own without crediting his sources.

Back in 1930, in *Liberty in the Modern State,* Laski had written: "I yield to no one in my dissent from, say, Lenin's analysis of the nature of the modern state." As late as 1932, when he published a collection of essays entitled *Studies in Law and Politics,* he left unchanged an article on "The State in the New Social Order" in which he declared that the Reform Act of 1918 would lead to "the slow destruction of those economic privileges which prevent the access of the workers to the moral assets of the state." In other words, the capitalist state could be utilized for the gradual introduction of socialism.

But in *The State in Theory and Practice,* which was published three years later, he abandoned the thesis of the neutral state and the piecemeal evolution of capitalism into socialism. He attributed these wrong ideas to others and himself expounded Marx's, yes, and Lenin's (and Stalin's) doctrine that the state is an instrument of class domination, defending the interests of the owners of the means of production; hence, the capitalist state, whether democratic or fascist, expresses the sovereignty in all spheres of the capitalist class. But with the inception of the war, a situation which most fully confirms the repressive character of the capitalist state, Laski fled in fright from the implications of his own ideas and eagerly embraced all the fallacies he himself had so painstakingly exposed.

It should not be thought, however, that even in *The State in Theory and Practice,* which is the best of Laski, he fully accepted the Marxist position. In fact, the germ of his later desertion may be found in that book. Laski has always been a tourist in Marxism, visiting here and there but returning sooner or later to the comfortable world of bourgeois relations and ideas which have nurtured his thinking. And it is notable that in the book in which he most closely approached the Marxist outlook, he omitted all discussion of the future socialist state. This is all the more glaring since in his "gradualist" days Laski had not been at all reluctant to discuss the socialist state and develop detailed blueprints of the future society, conceived, of course, in the capitalist image. But to have discussed this question in *The State in Theory and Practice* would have meant drawing the only conclusion possible from his analysis: that the socialist state can be nothing else but the proletarian dictatorship, constituting a vast enlargement of democracy and genuine government of, by and for the people impossible under capitalism. But to have added up that sum would have meant a break with the bureaucracy of the Labor Party, with Social Democracy—with capitalism. Laski, no more than Kautsky and Plekhanov before him, was ready to make that break. And he has ended similarly—in the embrace of imperialism. In *State and Revolution*—from which Laski cribbed so many ideas—Lenin pointed out:

> He who recognizes *only* the class struggle is not yet a Marxist; he may be found not to have gone beyond the boundaries of bourgeois reasoning and politics. To limit Marxism to the teaching of the class struggle means to curtail Marxism—to distort it, to reduce it to something which is acceptable to the bourgeoisie. A Marxist is one who *extends* the acceptance of class struggle to the *dictatorship of the proletariat.* Herein lies the deepest difference between a Marxist and an ordinary petty or big bourgeois.

And out of Laski's reluctance to project working class power springs the pessimism which permeates this book regarding the possibility of achieving power. After proving again and again the repressive nature of the capitalist state and the necessity of a thoroughgoing social transformation, he bolts fast the door to fundamental change by insisting that the forces of the people face almost insurmountable difficulties and that far more likely is the triumph of fascism in every capitalist country. This is where "left" meets right in Laski's thinking. For if victory over capitalism is virtually impossible, then accommodation to the *status quo* is the better part of wisdom. It is no accident, therefore, that though Laski earlier in the book admitted that "The German democracy was not defeated by Hitler in 1933; it was destroyed by its makers [that is, the Socialist chiefs] fifteen years before," he proceeds to attack those who do not think victory impossible, the Communists, and to exonerate the Socialist leaders who cleared the way for fascism.

Related to the problem of the state is the question of fascism. On this too Laski has often "changed his mind." In *A Grammar of Politics* he did not consider the emergence of the fascist dictatorship in Italy important enough even to mention in a book of over 600 pages. In *Democracy in Crisis,* completed shortly before the accession of the Nazis to power, he speaks of the "uneasy alliance" of Italian capital with Mussolini. Here fascism is conceived as an independent force which forms a partnership with the capitalists. In *The State in Theory and Practice,* completed less than two years later, he discarded this view and adopted the Marxist-Leninist position that the fascist state, whatever innovations it may introduce into the technique of coercion, is the unlimited dictatorship of finance capital. He pointed out that "Capitalism in difficulties uses the predominant position of capitalists in any society to devote the state-power to suppressing its opponents. . . . But when it does these things it enfolds the society within the arms of a fascist state."

This insight Laski retained only so long as his own capitalist government was not involved in war. In *Where Do We Go from Here?* the fascist dictatorship is once more conceived as a partnership "between the forces of privilege and the fascist movement." But the fascists, being outlaws, deceived the law-abiding capitalists, repudiated the agreement between them and "became the principals in the undertaking." As a result, Hitler, as well as Mussolini, "controls big business hardly less than he controls the working class." In other words, the tycoons of finance and industry are equally oppressed with the workers. And lest any reader harbor some lurking resentment against the capitalists who placed the Nazis in power, Laski insists that "the forces of privilege were as much deceived in their acceptance of fascism as the masses who supported it."

I have not the space to discuss the elementary errors and distortions in Laski's present ideas on the nature of fascism. For a documented study of the real status of big business in Germany I refer the reader to the article by G. S. Jackson in the Feb. 11, 1941, issue of NEW MASSES. These are not questions of theory alone, for from them flow courses of action on which the fate of millions depends. To trifle with the hatred of fascism that lies deep in the hearts of the common folk everywhere by delineating that evil falsely is surely the most unpardonable of crimes. But what I am concerned with at this time are the implications of Laski's abandonment of the scientific explanation of fascism and his acceptance of the bankrupt bourgeois and petty-bourgeois notions on the subject. (Incidentally, this also means acceptance of the Nazis' own anti-capitalist demagogy.) If monopoly capital is not the source of fascism but its enemy, if it is indeed deceived and oppressed by the fascists together with the masses, then the class struggle between workers and capitalists must give way to collaboration, and the solidarity of the workers of all countries against capitalist reaction in every form must be replaced by unity with one's own bourgeoisie on the basis of the existing social relations. And if the British ruling class, including such specimens as the late Chamberlain and Nevile Henderson, is truly anti-fascist and is, in fact, to be entrusted with the leadership of the struggle against fascism, it is reasonable to conclude that the same must be true of the German capitalists. This leads straight to those secret negotiations with dissident fascist groups in Germany, with Goering (or is it Hess?) and the army—to that "revolution from the right"—which Duff Cooper in England and Walter Lippmann in this country have openly advocated (and Churchill and Roosevelt have secretly sought?). I do not say that Laski calls for such an arrangement; on the contrary, he warns against any effort to restore to power the old vested interests in the new Germany and the new Europe that are to emerge from his Churchill-led "revolution." But I do say that this kind of a deal with an alternative fascist cabal is the ultimate logic of Laski's position and of the doctrine he upholds. It is small wonder that so crass a betrayal not only of socialism, but of the democratic liberties won by the people under capitalism needs to be garlanded with the delusion of "revolution by consent." Actually, it amounts to *an abandonment of the struggle against fascism and surrender to the forces of privilege that in every capitalist country are its chief promoters.*

A. B. MAGIL.

In a second article Mr. Magil will conclude his discussion of Harold Laski.

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WHAT EVERY STRAP-HANGER SHOULD KNOW

The Little Flower tries a fast one on the transit workers. A basic law which City Hall conveniently forgets. Mike Quill makes a promise.

THE year is 1941. The scene is New York City. The fact is that 32,000 workers, members of a union whose majority in the industry is questioned by no one, have asked for collective bargaining and their request is being denied, or more properly—ignored. And who is this boss with the 1921 mentality? He is the City of New York.

That is the case of the Transport Workers Union in its simplest terms. As a matter of fact, it is the whole case of the transit workers. The rest of the issue consists of a fabric of evasions, twisted reasoning, threats, and unadorned lying peddled from Fiorello LaGuardia's City Hall, the offices of the Board of Transportation, and the inner bastions of the Center Street Police Station where Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine holds sway.

Philip Murray gave his estimate of the issue last week before 50,000 members and friends of the Transport Workers Union, the biggest mass labor rally ever held in New York. Murray declared that successful termination of the dispute was on the order of immediate business for the whole CIO. Scores of local and international unions of both the CIO and AFL, through personal representatives and through messages, promised to see the TWU through its fight for the right, not only to bargain, but to live.

THERE ARE three key words in the history of this dispute: Organization, Unification, Provocation.

Organization won in 1937 when the two great privately owned subway systems, the Interboro Rapid Transit and the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Co., signed union contracts with the TWU. The victory brought a degree of order to a chaotic industry notorious for miserable pay, hours of work ranging up to eighty-five a week, a pension racket, and professional spies and stoolpigeons.

When unification implied enlightened municipal ownership of transit facilities, it was supported by the transit workers. But as early as 1935, when Samuel Seabury and A. A. Berle were first dickering with the Morgan and Rockefeller interests which owned the lines, the union spotted danger on the track for the workers. TWU warned:

"$192,500,000 for BMT stock and bond holders; $238,521,000 for IRT stock and bond holders. . . . And for labor? To date we have not found a single line or word in the volumes of 'memoranda of understanding,' agreements, bids, offers, and proposals which refer to the fate of the transit employees. Messrs. Berle and Seabury have not a word to say. Mayor LaGuardia has no comment."

Provocation began with the passage of the Wicks bill by the 1939 legislature. The bill was signed after adjournment by Governor Lehman, minutes before it would have died a natural death. The Wicks bill became effective with unification in June of last year.

The transit workers began to close their ranks for a fight as soon as the Wicks bill became law. In a leaflet printed in hundreds of thousands they declared: "We vow that unification shall not be carried out at the expense of the transit workers!" The law, they said, was an ill-concealed attempt—a blatant attempt—to smash the union by submerging collective bargaining under choking civil service regulations.

MILITANCY, hundreds of demonstrations, picketing at the offices of Transit Board Chairman John H. Delaney and City Hall, hundreds of thousands of leaflets, won the first stage of this fight for the transit workers last July. Unification went into effect after Delaney signed a contract with the TWU to continue the union contracts with the IRT and BMT until their expiration. Those contracts expire June 30: *Der tag* for the LaGuardia-Delaney blitz against a union of city employees. They would like to pose the issue as the "right to strike against the government." But the union hasn't threatened a strike. A strike, they say, is what follows refusal to bargain in good faith. We—say the transport workers—want to bargain.

But from police headquarters, Commissioner Valentine is talking strike. He made a speech about "mobilizing" the police for "such an emergency"; declared that the police were "ready" for a strike if it comes. In raising a false issue the LaGuardia administration has inadvertently let loose a real one: the right of union recognition to government employees, federal, state, and municipal.

Philip Murray made the challenge now confronting the transport workers a national question when he said:

> The mayor of New York is not merely the mayor of New York. Yesterday the President of the United States named Mayor LaGuardia national director of civilian defense. . . . I want to know, just like millions of other wage earners want to know, now that the mayor is national director of civilian defense . . . what his attitude is going to be on the fundamental national issue of collective bargaining. I am not merely addressing myself to the mayor of New York but . . . [to] an appointee of the President of the United States to one of the most important positions in the government. Organized labor wants that question answered.

Then Murray got down to cases.

"I know of no municipally owned railroad or transport system anywhere in this country that denies the organization representing the workers the right of collective bargaining." He named San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto in belligerent Canada, and Detroit as examples of municipally owned transit systems where union recognition is undisputed. "Away down in Panama where the federal government owns a great railway system the railroad workers enjoy the blessings of collective bargaining."

Sure, he's the same LaGuardia who co-sponsored the Norris-LaGuardia act. What's happened? Progressive Congressman LaGuardia (he was once a progressive mayor, too) is now Civilian Defense Administrator. It was in September 1939, at just about the exact moment of the "great turn" away from the New Deal, that LaGuardia's boss hinted: you can't strike against the government. So now it's up to LaGuardia to support his chief even if he has to provoke a strike to do it.

Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, speaking at the great Madison Square Garden rally with Murray, went further into the basic law of the question.

> We looked up the law [Curran said]. We found a Supreme Court decision written in 1824 by Chief Justice John Marshall, certainly no friend of the workers, in the case of the Bank of the United States vs. the Planters Bank of Georgia. The court said: "It is, we think, a sound principle that when a government becomes a partner in a trading company, it divests itself, so far as concerns the transactions of that company, of its sovereign character and takes that of a private citizen."

The case is famous and has been cited in a long line of subsequent ones.

In this huge meeting at Madison Square Garden (the police said 23,000 were inside, another 20,000 were turned away, and 5,000 remained outside to listen through loudspeakers) the transport workers and their friends shook the rafters with a cheer for the man who has led them in every battle and who leads them now, Michael J. Quill. With the ring of the "auld sod" still in his voice, Mike said it's a sad state of affairs when we find in government operation "three old men, Mr. Delaney, Sullivan, and Keegan (all transit board members) . . . waving the crossbones of company unionism and carrying the banner for open-shop employers throughout America. . . .

"So they think we are crazy. They think we will take a false step. Well, they are going to miss our bus once again. We will trudge every step of the way."

Yes, they shook the Garden. They probably shook the mayor down in the Civilian Defense Administration office in Washington. Because they knew that Mike meant "every step of the way" to a union contract.

ERNEST MOORER.

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LINDBERGH HIDES HIS MEDAL

The millionaire chiefs of America First groom the aviator to head the people toward hemispheric imperialism. The false peace front. Barbara Giles describes the strange career of Charles A. Lindbergh.

WHEN they yelled "We want Lindbergh!" their hero managed an awkward wave. The cheering, which had started on a high, difficult note, became shrill in the effort at intensity. A woman grabbed my arm fiercely and shouted against my eardrum, "There he is! That's Lindy—*look!*" Mr. Lindbergh waved again and bowed. He looked embarrassed, jerking his hand up, bobbing his head with clumsy abruptness, and overdoing the grin. Twenty-two thousand little American flags—gifts of the America First Committee to its audience—waved in a frenzied, monotonous rhythm. You could fairly hear the eagle scream. To his admirers that night in Madison Square Garden, Charles A. Lindbergh was the American Destiny—to use a favorite phrase of his own speeches.

They were a varied lot of people and they could interpret the phrase in different ways. There were undoubtedly some bundists and Coughlinites, who might remember the ex-colonel's decoration from Goering. There were those on the platform, like Alice Roosevelt Longworth, who could appreciate his success in Lady Astor's drawing room at Cliveden. Or the ex-colonel's lady, who poetizes fascism as a "wave of the future." But there were also thousands to whom the sweet words "stay out of war" meant just that. The woman who grabbed my arm had never heard of any waves of the future. Her son's draft number had been called and all she wanted was for Mr. Lindbergh, the man who flew the Atlantic, to see that he wouldn't have to fight abroad.

AMERICA FIRST had made an effort to wipe its face of Coughlinism. Instead of an invocation by Father Edward Lodge Curran there was a telegraphed prayer from Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. Speakers "repudiated" Nazi support and got a big hand from the audience—perhaps more than they expected. Between the platform and a large section of the listeners there was a curious division. The latter booed the names of democratic pretenders: Willkie, Roosevelt, Dorothy Thompson, Senator Pepper. But the "democratic" demagogy of Norman Thomas and Lindbergh himself wasn't so obvious—the shadow of Henry Ford, who helped found America First and then withdrew for strategic reasons, was hardly perceptible to the audience. America First speakers, however, are surely aware of it. To the balconies and floor Norman Thomas was a "Socialist" leader. Who would guess from his speech that he has placed his bets on the appeasement side of imperialism represented by Ford and Gen. Robert E. Wood? The general wasn't present, although he is America First's chairman. He sent a regulation little "anti-war" wire. It didn't mention Latin America, where the general favors intervention and plenty of it.

Senator Wheeler brought in echoes of the oldtime insurgent West, evoking the names of La Follette Sr. and even Lindbergh's father. I wondered how he dared—until I heard the applause. It was enough for the audience that Old Bob La Follette and the elder Lindbergh had fought against the first world war. How many remembered that Lindbergh Sr. regarded the Fords of America as an infection? How many, even remembering, knew that his meanest enemies are his son's patrons? Young Lindy "wanted to prevent war" and so had his father. It was as simple as that.

America First does not announce its aims from platforms—not any more, at least. But some of its individual leaders have, on other occasions. Last October General Wood told the Chicago Council of Foreign Relations that "our true mission" was in North and South America. If the men and women in Madison Square Garden had heard that address they would have been less satisfied with cracks at European war only. For then the general truly spoke for America First. With one-syllable simplicity he outlined plans to "develop" this hemisphere into a paradise for American capitalism, wherein unfriendly Latin-American governments would not be "tolerated." "We should also make it clearly understood," he said, "that we are prepared to use force to attain that object."

It's well to recall that speech by America First's chairman, before the face-wiping is completed. In the aspirations of Wood and Ford, as against the aspirations of Roosevelt and Morgan, there's only a difference of compasses. Each points to war—one reading *Europe* and the other *America* First. And there's no "destiny" poetry in the reasons for the two directions. General Wood, head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., represents the large mercantile, consumer-goods industries which will suffer, while Morgan profits, from European adventures. Robert Douglas Stuart, Jr., another America First leader, is the son of Quaker Oats' president—and Quaker Oats is not only a consumer industry but has two large plants in Germany as well as considerable European trade that is being ruined by war. Then there's Edward L. Ryerson, Jr., of Inland Steel, which has a tough time competing with the Morgan-dominated big steel outfits. Of such doves of peace is the America First leadership composed. They are wise to stay away from their own rallies. It's much smarter to send their Lindbergh, still wearing his 1927 halo of heroism, hiding his Nazi medal.

And Lindbergh dominated the meeting. He got the biggest ovations, they cheered all references to him in the other addresses. It is a little hard to understand. He is a cold speaker, facing the microphone stiffly like a high-school orator and depending for eloquence on getting his words across clearly, with timed pauses. No cutting the air with shapely hands, like Mr. Wheeler; none of Kathleen Norris' heart-throbbing. Lindbergh wouldn't do these things even if he could. His aversion to "crowds," to people, is as strong as ever. It showed in his painful efforts to play up to ovations—efforts which he discarded while speaking. Perhaps his admirers took this for the old "boyish modesty" of fourteen years ago. At any rate, they filled his pauses with cheering. It's possible that they preferred his manner of speaking to Wheeler's and Mrs. Norris'. He does at least talk directly, making a few points only, backed by unstraying arguments.

And he, too, had wiped his face. You would never guess that this was the Lindbergh who in November 1939 (in the *Readers Digest*) urged American unity with "an English fleet, a German air force, a French army," to protect "the White race" against "a pressing sea of Yellow, Black, and Brown." Mr. Lindbergh, in Madison Square Garden May 23, pitted America against all Europe. He praised its "racial tolerance" and other democratic traditions. We should guard these against the chaos of war and "the man on horseback." The war issues were Europe's, not ours. We could not impose democracy through force on people who "prefer a [Nazi] system to ours"—though we would "resist any attempt to interfere with our hemisphere!"

BUT FOR that last hint of imperialism and the American Destiny boasting, his speech might have been directed especially to people who want to do something patriotic about keeping their sons out of war. The woman whose boy was being drafted wept with excitement and adoration. To her, and thousands like her, America First is aiming its appeal. The peace movement of this country is immense and determined, but only partially organized. If the General Woods and backstage Fords of America First can capture it, they will try to use it for their own kind of imperialism and war. Lindbergh is exceedingly useful to them. How much do the American people know about this man? Not much more, I suspect, than the woman next to me, who saw him still as the most idolized figure of the twenties, the young Lochinvar who flew out of the West and across an ocean. For almost a decade he was the American Dream hero, with his personal romances and tragedies holding the headlines for weeks at a time. Idolatry of this kind does not die easily. Not even a Goering's kiss can kill it. Right now it is a potential force of a storm-trooping "American way" that differs only tactically from FDR's. It is time that we

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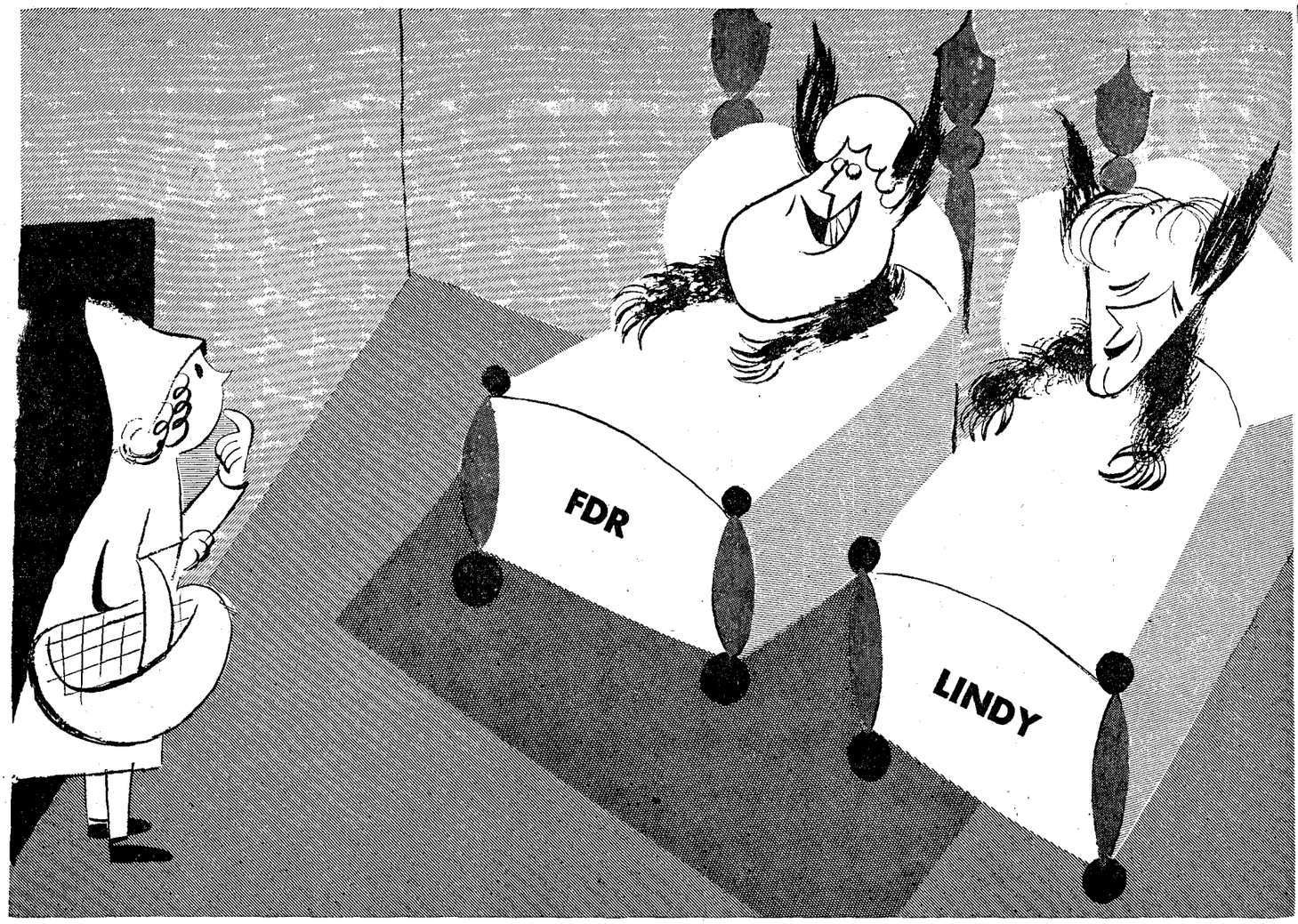

"I'm your grandmother."

pried under the Lindbergh coyness—we have a right to know the real composition of this "anti-war leader."

HE has almost never given himself away. The biographies of him are few and written largely from newspaper clippings, with generalized Boy Scoutish eulogies of his athletic virtues. As a small child he seems to have been chiefly interested in the laboratory of his dentist uncle and in tossing cats out of second-story windows to see if they really would land on their feet. In high school, we are told, he never smoked, drank, or danced, never had a girl. The same at college. He did have a passion for mechanics, however—automobiles and then planes. When he was twelve he drove his mother from Minnesota to the Pacific Coast and sent back home a full report on the makes of all cars along the way —that and nothing else.

His autobiography, *We* (the "we" meaning Mr. Lindbergh and his plane), is virtually all pistons and propellers. But there are two revealing passages. In one, Lindbergh describes his life at the University of Wisconsin. "My chief recreation consisted of shooting matches with the rifle and pistol teams of rival universities and in running around on my motorcycle. . . . I spent every minute I could steal from my studies in the shooting gallery and on the range. . . . The first six weeks of my vacation after my freshman year were spent in an Artillery School at Camp Knox, Ky." The other passage has to do with an experience in Mississippi when he was a young pilot. He was taking up passengers for five dollars a ride, and a group of white men chipped in to make up that amount for a Negro, on condition that Lindbergh do "flip-flops" to scare him. Mr. Lindbergh "had not been instructed in acrobatics" but he appreciated the Southern ruling class' conception of good clean sport and did his best at looping for the first time. It wasn't entirely successful but —the author reports with a rare touch of pleasure—the Negro was wonderfully terrified.

Opinions are divided as to his sense of humor, depending on one's idea of humor. One biographer gives as an example young Lindbergh's habit of waking him up in the morning by dropping hot tallow in his ear. Shortly before his flight to Paris he shared a hotel room with another pilot who tried all evening to make his roommate talk about something besides aviation. It wasn't until five in the morning that he discovered Lindbergh was "human"—when the young hero dumped a pitcher of cracked ice on his bare chest and said, "That is what you get for sleeping without pajamas." These are the only testimonials to his liking for fun. His father, who was certainly no model of frivolity, complained that Charles, at the age of twenty-one, was "uncommonly sensible, rather too much so. . . . I seem to be more of a kid than he does sometimes."

Perhaps the fullest picture of Lindbergh's personality has come from the British writer Harold Nicolson, who seems to know him well. In the London *Spectator* of Oct. 20, 1939, Nicolson writes that Lindbergh put virility above all other human virtues. He admired the Nazis, says Nicolson, for their "grim efficiency." He liked "the mechanization of the state . . . the conditioning of a whole generation to the ideals of harsh self-sacrifice." And, if more evidence is needed, "He is not possessed of any sense of humor."

LINDBERGH was born into a family that of necessity placed high values on physical endurance and asceticism. His grandfather was an immigrant-pioneer, who had to sustain his family in a Minnesota where real wolves were often at the door. The early years of Congressman Lindbergh's life were not much easier. And between him and his son there are superficial likenesses. Charles Lindbergh, Sr. did not drink or smoke either. He too was reticent, "independent," and often solitary. But so far from distrusting people, he has

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filled his books and speeches with faith in them; he fought for them during the war years to the danger of his life. In his personal associations there was a gentleness and affection impossible to imagine in this son whose scientific hobby is, symbolically, the creation of a robot heart. It is a long way from pioneer fortitude to Nazi "virility," from the lonely independence of a Western insurgent to a petulant dislike of people.

One might almost conclude that Charles, Jr. had inherited his father's qualities in an inverted form—or had inverted them himself in some sort of rebellion. There's no evidence for an explanation, and theorizing is dangerous. But it is possible to imagine, for example, how young Lindbergh, seeing the war frenzy turn into attempted violence against his father, might conceive a dislike for "mobs." He hadn't the old man's political understanding of such matters. In fact, he seems to have had no political interest of any kind until 1928, when he publicly supported Herbert Hoover.

But that was fifteen months after the famous flight and a great deal had happened to Lindbergh in those months. He was already very useful, if not to Ford, to the Guggenheims and Morgans and Rockefellers. The first to see his possibilities was Myron Herrick, American ambassador to France, whose pajamas became famous when Lindbergh slept in them that first night in Paris. Mr. Herrick wrote his banker friends in New York urging them to keep Lindbergh out of vaudeville and movies and away from the advertisers. He should be saved for more ambitious purposes. And Lindy was a prize worth fighting over. Within twelve hours of his landing at Le Bourget Airport the papers were full of the engaging grin and fair hair, the clean-American-boyhood stories, the anecdotes of heroism and modesty. His achievement rocked an American public fed up with college novels of alcoholic youth, a little jaded from "Coolidge prosperity." There had been nothing as sensational as this for years. The drama of labor struggle and strikes, of resistance to armed intervention in Nicaragua, was rarely rated higher than page two by the press. In the Senate the late Congressman Lindbergh's friends were fighting a forlorn battle against monopoly. Teapot Dome had exploded but not many people were hurt and the stockmarket was more fun than poker. Bored imaginations were turning to the escape of speed and dreams of mechanical exploits.

In such a setting Lindbergh's plane flashing through the sky was like a rocket to the moon. Less shrewd persons than Herrick must have guessed that the Lone Eagle's sensational value would last for some time. It is probable, too, that Herrick also found Charles "uncommonly sensible" for his years. He was not likely to cheapen himself with ordinary commercial ventures, given bigger alternatives. There is a story that he refused a million dollars offered him by a group of men (unnamed) in order to preserve his heroism from the taint of business. Mr. Lindbergh could take care of his heroism himself, as well as his bank account. Within no time after his return to America he had a dignified position with the Guggenheim Fund for Promotion of Aviation, which sent him on a Good Will Tour of Latin America.

THAT TOUR was Lindbergh's first service for imperialism. It wasn't recognized as such except for one or two murmurs that the Guggenheims were using young innocence in the interests of their huge Latin-American holdings. It was rather too bad, especially when Dwight Morrow of the House of Morgan, with a $410,000,000 stake in Mexico, had just been appointed ambassador to that country. There was some apprehension all around when the Lone Eagle headed for Nicaragua —would Sandino's "bandits" mistake his plane for a Yankee bomber?—but Colonel Lindbergh reported to the New York *Times* that the people *he* saw in Nicaragua were as friendly as could be to the USA. In Cuba, too—butcher Machado and his Cabinet members took joy rides in Lindbergh's plane and treated him like one of the family. He learned many things about Latin America, the sort of things that make him especially useful now to General Wood.

Lindbergh came back to the United States with a deepened interest in "improving trade relations" with the Americas by opening more air routes. He became president of Transcontinental Air Transport, an adviser to the Pennsylvania Railroad on aeronautical problems, and later, technical adviser of Pan-American Airways. In his flights to Mexico he found what the whole world had been waiting for him to discover: Romance. A man cannot choose his father but he can pick his father-in-law. Lindbergh's was Dwight Morrow, representative of the banking house that Lindbergh, Sr. had fought in congressional investigations and anti-war crusades.

Through all this, Lochinvar's reputation stayed unsullied with the public. His admirers were only a little jolted when their hero got rid of an unwelcome throng at Bolling Field by opening his throttle and splattering mud on them. A friend explained that for him. Someone else explained why he almost drove his military plane down on a civilian one at an aeronautical meet. No one could quite explain the newsreel which showed him standing by his plane while Mrs. Lindbergh struggled out with the luggage, but that was more or less passed over as an accident. Only hard-worked reporters assigned to Lindbergh knew —and they couldn't tell—how impossible it was to get "human interest" stories about this man. If they harried him, against their own wishes, he more than paid them back, deliberately, with cold vindictiveness. Human interest was something the colonel didn't allow. If his picture was to be taken it must include a full view of the plane, preferably with some officials of the plane company. He would answer no questions but those pertaining to aviation, and answer those when he pleased. No one penetrated his "mystery" and the mystery added to the glamour.

Just now and then, when the glamour had been storing for some time, he used it for a pet crusade. In 1932 he came out for Hoover again. Two years later he publicly opposed cancellation of air mail contracts after Senator Black had exposed the plane companies' method of securing their mail orders. After a long silence following his emigration to England, Lindbergh delighted the men who were preparing for Munich by declaring that the Soviet air force was practically junk. A week later Goering decorated him.

Even before this, stories had come back to America that the colonel's glassy reserve was pierced in the congenial presence of Nazi hierarchs. He made luncheon speeches to them, on the magnificence of their aviation and the magnificent destiny of aviation in general—not to mention the destiny of famous aviators. The robot heart had found its desire. Mr. Lindbergh, in the last several years, has not been lonely. Besides his chums in the Cliveden set there was his French friend, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who first interested him in the artificial-heart invention. Dr. Carrel believes that an "ascetic and mystic minority" composed of the sons of rich men and aristocrats (and "great criminals") should rule the "dissolute and degraded majority." It's all in his book, *Man the Unknown;* and the book, you may be interested to know, was inspired (according to the author's preface) by another fascist of French blood—Frederic R. Coudert.

In America also, the Lone Eagle has companions. You may not hear so much of them from now on in connection with Lindbergh. I have an idea you will hear more about his father, who "also" opposed war. From indications at the Garden rally, the uncommonly sensible Charles may try to work his way back to Minnesota. The old Midwest progressivism has possibilities of perversion into strange uses. What was once a crusade against the money trust has sometimes been turned by demagogues into a Coughlin attack on "international bankers." The anti-war spirit may be drained of its understanding and made into a sterile isolationism, useful for American Destinists. Today Wheeler, the elder La Follette's running-mate in the 1924 campaign, tries to fit Congressman Lindbergh's shoes on Hitler's American pet. La Follette's son Phil addresses an America First meeting blessed by Coughlinite Father Curran. And Norris of Nebraska, "the noblest Roman," turns in his toga and joins the Roosevelt camp of "another kind of war."

But the distance to American progressivism can't be spanned by Lindbergh's plane. He will likely find "crowds" again in Minnesota, of the type that voted for his father because they knew he would sooner be caught dead than with a Morgan or Ford. Their progressivism has taken on strength through an element that old La Follette never fully recognized or trusted—organized unity. It's the element that forced Ford to knuckle under recently. And it may leave Ford's fair-haired menace with nothing but his trinket from Hitler.

BARBARA GILES.

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THE GREAT SHIPYARD STRIKE

John Frey failed to break the picket lines of San Francisco's shipworkers, so he called in the Navy. And still the men hold firm. A report by Mike Quin.

San Francisco.

FOR the first time since the great Pacific Coast maritime strike of 1934, military forces have been called out in the San Francisco Bay area to break a strike. But up to this moment they are not breaking anything but faith with the public.

The US Navy and the Marine Corps are convoying strikebreakers through the machinists' picket lines around East Bay shipyards.

All the shipyards in this area on both sides of the bay are tied up by the machinists' strike. But so far efforts to crash picket lines have been confined to the Oakland side where the machinists are CIO. On the San Francisco side they are AFL. They are on strike simultaneously for the same reason. AFL and CIO men are observing each other's lines and fraternizing in good spirit.

Heading the strikebreakers is John P. Frey, chief of the AFL metal trades, who personally asked for the Navy convoys. Frey is the man who, along with Sidney Hillman and others in the OPM, negotiated a wage-cut for the machinists, which he is now trying to ram down their throats. It is part of a yellow dog contract outlawing strikes for five years. The men weren't even consulted.

Why the men should have their wages cut at the moment when shipyard profits are reaching for the moon and living costs rising to high tide is a question which Frey, Hillman, the OPM, shipyard owners, the US Navy, the Marine Corps, and the newspapers have not bothered to explain.

The number of strikebreakers led or convoyed through the lines to date has been too piddling and decrepit to amount to anything. A few are no doubt former workers in the yards who have either been hypnotized or intimidated by Mr. Frey's "patriotic" utterances. The rest are assorted drifters rounded up haphazardly from freight yards and skid rows, equipped with union books and paraded through the lines. Many shamefacedly drop out before they get to the gate. Others march out again soon after entering.

Even the superintendent of repair work at Moore Drydock told the pickets: "I can't work with a bunch of men like that."

The first "back to work" parade was held on foot and without assistance of the Navy. John P. Frey, well flanked by guards, led it in person. He looks somewhat like William Green, only less rolypoly and his jowls are flabbier. You'd take him for a small town banker. Like Green, he has that melancholy, pained expression which squints at you through rimless spectacles. As he minced along toward the gate, a spirited picket line of 2,000 AFL and CIO workers standing shoulder to shoulder booed him thunderously. He led a hundred or so shamed looking creatures through the Moore Drydock gates.

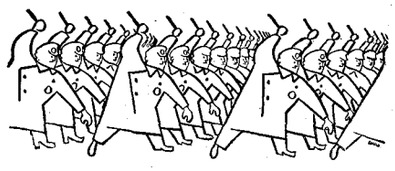
Following that he called on the US Navy. This was evidently intended to awe the strikers, but it had a slight practical motive as well. Frey can't get either bus or taxi drivers anywhere in the area to drive through the picket line. The best he can do is get a few to transport the strikebreakers to within three or four blocks of the gates and dump them off there. Even that much is hard to arrange. So the Navy is furnishing transportation in Navy trucks. Captain W. P. Gaddis, USN, in charge of the convoys, has explained in an almost embarrassed manner that the bluejackets and marines are entirely unarmed and that their only function is to act as chauffeurs.

THUS the ground is ripped from under employer propaganda in three ways. First, no one can say the men are staying out of the yards because they fear violence, since they have the protection of the Navy if they want to go through. Second, even the US Navy sees no reason for arming its men. Third, the issue of "patriotism" is deflated because even with Navy protection, not one percent of the men will enter the yards. The newspapers are left with only one thing to argue, that ninety-nine percent of all shipyard workers are unpatriotic, which of course is nonsense. That, however, doesn't deter them from arguing it.

Captain Gaddis' careful qualification of the role of the Navy did not please the press. So they still further qualified it by adding that this was all the Navy contemplated "at this time" or "for the present," leaving the implication that enlarged activity was in the offing. What that would be unless armed forces were used to chase the picket line away with bayonets and gunfire, is hard to imagine. The last time anything like that was tried in this area it resulted in the great General Strike of 1934.

It is doubtful if any strikers in the world ever had a cleaner, plainer issue. Standard rate of pay for machinists here is $1.15 an hour. The yellow dog contract negotiated by Frey and OPM wants to cut it to $1.12. Standard pay for overtime is doubletime. The contract, in the making of which they had no voice, cuts it to time and a half. Why?

Frey's position is that anything he takes a notion to put his signature to is binding on all labor, AFL or CIO. If he thinks he can put that over San Francisco labor, he's crazy. Bus and taxi drivers who refuse to steer finks through the line, belong to Frey's own AFL. The issue here is unionism, not jurisdiction. And one thing Frey and the OPM seem unable to get through their heads is that unionism is the highest form of patriotism. It consists of not sticking your foot in a fellow American's face.



Frey's role is comparable to that of Willie Bioff, ex-panderer and one of William Green's henchmen. Strikers on the picket line are getting a great kick out of an AP dispatch from Los Angeles, dated May 19, which ran in local papers as follows:

> On the ground that he has become highly important in national defense, William Bioff, film labor leader, today obtained postponement of his trial on charges of evading payment of $85,000 income taxes for 1936 and 1937.
>
> Bioff's trial was set for June 24, but it was put over until the Federal Court's September calendar, when a new date will be set.
>
> Defense Attorney George M. Breslin told the court that Bioff was the only suitable and available man to prevent strikes when Hollywood technicians were sent to produce military training films.

This item, sandwiched in with accounts of John P. Frey's strikebreaking adventures, added the final touch of insanity to the position of the AFL officialdom. Wherever Frey learned his technique, it certainly doesn't apply here and the idea that it is patriotic to let employers walk all over you doesn't register.

There's a $500,000,000 melon of war orders tied up in the eleven yards affected, of which Bethlehem holds $300,000,000. The companies are not building the ships out of patriotism or as a favor to anyone. They're building them to make money—big money. It's strictly a business proposition for private profit. Yet from the general tone of the newspapers you'd think these employers were giving something to the government.

They didn't volunteer out of patriotism to construct these vessels. It's no sacrifice to them. To the contrary they lobbied in Washington for all they were worth, competed for the contracts like seagulls after garbage, and drove the hardest bargain possible. They're multi-millionaires already and will come out of this vastly richer.

So they ask honest working men to take wage-cuts in the name of "national defense." They're making hogs of themselves. As for Frey, he's making an ass of himself.

San Francisco labor is scratching its head with a "we don't get it" attitude. Frey's daily "back to work" parade is as quaint an oddity as has been seen here in the past half century. It makes you sore, yes. But then it's so damned stupid you have to laugh. And those are the conflicting emotions on the picket line. The fellows watch the dinky parade of finks half contemptuously and half laughingly.

MIKE QUIN.

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BRITISH POETRY IN TWO WARS

Mr. Churchill's literary arbiters try to represent mutual massacre as a great opportunity for genius to fulfill itself. The problem of realism and truth. Who are the people's poets?

London.

"IN THE stress of a nation's peril some of its greatest songs are born," claimed the preface to an anthology of patriotic verse published in 1914. "The fact is," asserts a leading editorial in the London *Times Literary Supplement* in 1941, "the war may mean a renaissance of English literature, which for years has threatened to pass away in fatuous experiments." "Thank God this has burnt up the æsthetes," a literary friend wrote to me in 1915. And in January this year Sir Hugh Walpole proclaims, "After Dunkirk, new poets were born."

The parallelism between these utterances at the outset of two wars could be illustrated by many other examples. Though emotional rather than intellectual, they expose the bankruptcy of middle class literary theory, which can prescribe no other remedy for the rejuvenation of our literature than a periodical blood bath in which a large proportion of its potential creators must be destroyed.

Granted that a close contact with reality is the essential for a healthy literature, it is precisely those forces which have a practical monopoly of the means of expression whose pressure has all the time been exercised in keeping the intellectuals from participation in the vitalizing social struggle, and who now endeavor to represent mutual massacre as the divinely ordained opportunity for genius to fulfill itself. But the parallels with the first world war are less interesting than the disparity which the lapse of time reveals as this much prophesied parturition is once again dangerously delayed.

WHENEVER HISTORY repeats itself, or is about to, on a higher level, it has its farcical or sentimental reflection on a lower one. And as, after Rupert Brooke's sonnets, no heroic literature did in fact develop, but instead the damning veracity of Henri Barbusse, Siegfried Sassoon, Wilfred Owen—so we can expect that the terrible logic of experience will prove stronger than the wishfulness of the *Times*. "This book is not about heroes. English poetry is not yet fit to speak of them," wrote Owen of his own poems in 1918. Nor has poetry employed the interval in qualifying to do so.

An interesting exposition of part of the dilemma in which the confused progressives of yesterday find themselves is made by a natural Conservative, Lord David Cecil.

"Now that the clash has come [between the forces of reaction and progress, according to the critic] these writers seem strangely dubious as to the part they should play in it. They seem equally incapable of Brooke's passionate fighting spirit or Owen's passionate pacifism. [This does not really represent Owen's standpoint.] It is understandable. The combatants in 1914 hoped they were fighting a war 'to end war.' In view of the events of the last twenty years no one can be convinced that England's victory, however decisive, will certainly ensure a permanent peace." As a consolation and philosophy for writers in a world supposedly made safe for Anglo-American imperialism, Lord Cecil appropriately recommends a creed which accepts suffering as an inevitable feature of a sinful world and which teaches "that it is in suffering, if properly understood, that we can achieve the intensest vision of God."

But the *Times Literary Supplement* is not gratified at the notion of our writers setting out to achieve the Beatific Vision with Hitler threatening the Suez Canal, and in an editorial comment it gently chides its aristocratic contributor for not setting them a task showing a more immediate return, such as the romanticization of the present armed conflict. "The perils of our day," exclaims the editorial writer, "demand primarily a literature that deals with war as it is, its brutality, its incongruous interruption of life, its victimization, and the heroism of men and women who prefer death to submission to a dehumanizing tyranny. And this, too, should lead to a literature of England as it is. Lack of themes, indeed!"

There in essence, substituting the word *life* for *war,* are the characteristics of the literature which the working class movement develops in its struggle to free itself from the cultural disabilities of a decadent civilization. So why should the *Times,* which for so many years has been commending the elegant vapidities and fatuous experiments of secluded ladies and gentlemen to the cormorant appetites of its leisured readers, and hushing down on the genuine things created under the most adverse conditions by actual participants in the social struggle, suddenly call for a recognition of the brutality of existence and of the heroism of ordinary men and women?

Because it knows, the old fox of Printing House Square, that the misfortunes it enumerates would be laid, by the authors it trusted and boosted, to the charge of the external enemy, whereas in peacetime they could not but be laid to a home account. Brutality in itself neither makes nor mars literature. A cult of brutality, in subject matter and technique, has been common, since the last war, to all countries where the anarchic play of forces fosters the growth of anti-social impulses. So the fact that scores of people are drowned in sewage through a bursting bomb does not provide a "nobler opportunity" for the writer, to use this unctuous journalist's phrase, than the fact that scores of men are choked to death by fire-damp in a mine.

To the *Times Literary Supplement* and its circle of readers, peace and war may be sharply distinguished, but to the majority of the inhabitants, war only accentuates miseries which are part and parcel of their daily lives. Not to speak of conditions on faraway plantations, the brutality of industrial life can be reckoned by the fact that the output per worker per hour has nearly doubled since the last war; the "incongruous interruption of life" is a good description of the fate of the worker flung on to the scrap heap of unemployment when still in his prime; the threat of victimization is always over the militant's head, whilst James Connolly's is only one name out of a great army who have "preferred death to a dehumanizing tyranny." Lack of themes, indeed!

BUT although war and peace are not polar opposites (war is the continuation of politics by other means) it would be equally fallacious to treat them as identical modes of existence. The speeding up of the time norm, the immediate and no longer merely pervasive threat to life itself, the cumulative repetition of records of destruction mounting to a climax of hysteria, are some of the factors in an atmosphere charged with immense potentialities to which the artist must respond. In the ruin of individual hopes it is difficult not to succumb to a sense of the malignancy of human life itself. In the early days of the war, before the *Times Literary Supplement* had realized that this in fact was the "nobler opportunity" for lack of which writers had been frittering away their talents, that journal published a poem by Miss Edith Sitwell which described a ghastly vision of a bog of decay and deliquescence in which mankind was sinking till all human outline was lost in the primal slime from which differentiated life first arose. Later the *Times Literary Supplement* and the class it represents took heart to believe that the unleashing of this immeasurable destruction might not bring down on them the retribution they had earned. Hence the lead given for a literature which will admit the brutality of war—in effect to legitimize the offspring of the experience of the last war, books which had broken through the conspiracy of official eye-witnesses and bloodthirsty servile journalists.

Such a step might hope to sterilize their potentially inflammatory content. But if official criticism is to be based on the doctrine of the "nobler opportunity" provided by the war, then a crucial point has been reached in the adaptation to bourgeois hypocrisy of the fascist ideology of art.

War is the result of the same forces that condemn the people to low and precarious standards of life whether engaged with an external foe or not. Lack of this understand-

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ing prevented Sassoon from developing in peacetime a poetry of indignant pity and keen satire such as he wrote out of his war experience. His latest book shows him now to be introspective and vaguely mystical, whilst his satiric gift has sunk to the vulgar commonplace: "The cultural crusade of Teuton tanks." And the poet who wrote in *Attack:*

Then, clumsily bowed
With bombs and guns and shovels and battle gear,
Men jostle and climb to meet the bristling fire.
Lines of grey muttering faces, masked with fear,
They leave their trenches, going over the top
While time ticks blank and busy on their wrists,
And hope, with furtive eyes and grappling fists,
Flounders in mud. O Jesu, make it stop. . . .

a passage which in its truth gives "courage" real meaning, in the last line of a new poem describes courage as

"A kneeling angel holding faith's front line,"

which is emptily rhetorical.

Yet Sassoon came near to seeing the human motivation behind the seemingly cosmic disaster. Read any of the war section in his "Poems Newly Selected," particularly "To Any Dead Officer":

Good-bye, old lad! Remember me to God,
And tell Him that our Politicians swear
They won't give in till Prussian Rule's been trod
Under the Heel of England. . . . Are you there? . . .
Yes . . . and the War won't end for at least two years;
But we've got stacks of men . . . I'm blind with tears,
Staring into the dark. Cheero!
I wish they'd killed you in a decent show.

Or consider this from "Reconciliation" (unfortunately omitted from the new selection) spoken to a mother standing by her son's grave:

Men fought like brutes; and hideous things were done:
And you have nourished hatred, harsh and blind.
But in that Golgotha perhaps you'll find
The mothers of the men who killed your son.

Reading that with its reflection of the real internationalism so strong in 1919, I feel it was one of the things he meant when he said in another poem:

"Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget!"

And Owen, too, saw in national political ambitions which the statesmen would not give up, the reason for the continuance of the war which no longer inspired the faith of the soldiers of either side.

The true poets must be truthful, said Owen. There can be no more specific instruction today than that. But mere realism, however brutally factual, is not truth. The concrete experience, which must be the writer's starting point, does not exist in isolation from the complex of social relationship. A hungry woman in a Barcelona food queue during the war of intervention and a hungry woman in a Liverpool food queue (if Lord Woolton had not abolished food queues) would at first glance appear to be objectively identical as subject matter for a poem or story. But their hunger (if we may be permitted to stretch the imagination so far in the case of the Liverpool woman) though due to the same ultimate cause, would have as immediate cause something quite different, one being a matter of the common interest, the other that of individual interests. Each would have its particular emotional expresssion which it is the writer's job to clarify and represent in a vivid way. What brought out fortitude in Barcelona might provoke indignation in Liverpool. So, as it is not hunger "in general" that provides the subject matter for true poetry, so it is not war "in general," but the particular war in which the writer is involved. And to the extent to which he can catch the peculiar emotional atmosphere of the war his work will embody the truth about it. It is not necessarily a matter of torn bodies and blasted buildings. The "Good Soldier Schweik," with its broad farce, slapstick even, exposes the corruption and oppression of the old Austrian empire more vividly than a straightforward denunciation. It is a matter of being able to see what is under one's nose, not of any particular manner or approach to the subject; ridicule and indigation equally serve the truth. The only condition is to feel as the people feel, not as the journalists pretend they feel, nor as we abstractedly might like them to feel. Such writers can only come from among the people.

Today the consciousness of what war is, is widespread throughout the mass of the people themselves. The true poets of this war have a vast potential audience, and the fact that they are bound up with the masses themselves will determine the significance of the war literature to come. These potential poets had passed through the stage of emotional protest before the war caught them, so that they see the war not as a temporary disease, but as the culminating criminality of a system. They had already accepted the organization of that emotional protest with the aim of altering the conditions that gave rise to it. So the emotions will not expend themselves in anger and pity, but, fusing these with understanding, forge instruments to free men's minds from false hatreds and bring out their underlying confidence in their own ability to make the rebel songs come true.

EDGELL RICKWORD.

Geography for Moderns

Friends, this is no class that you can cut:
ear over-borne and written in the eye
that you should spend these days retracing maps,
numb-fingering names and rivers, marking towns
by the well-remembered dead of any battle.
This is where your body lies; this hillock where you bled. . . .

It is possible that boundaries may change,
indicative colors of Empire fade,
but there is no force ever to erase
the Ebro flowing red that morning.
The battles surely rise again
but no natural rain nor mortal storm
can quite unmark the Hopei plain
where Bethune lay down at last.
We require no monuments for these
except the map in space and time—
never complete but precise as any heart
within us—this actual memory of man.

Gentlemen, my teachers, professors with umbrellas, moustaches,
instructors in phrases blown to full for me to read,
I know personally now and by name, the olive trees of Spain,
the Moldau's water, rice of Honan, Europe's sodden field.
The sorrow in these places at your disposition of armies
is not to be undone now, but neither is it forgiven.

There are certain laws, gentlemen, immutable
requiring not permission nor decree of power.
The younger Galileos rise with declarations
as to the movement of seed in proper season;
testimonial to your enemy, entrenched
deep in every grave, with no possible defeat.
Dave is the grass that grows along the Ebro,
Bethune lifts the rice with careful hands;
we know these faces in the windblown wheat.
Our seed was planted, gentlemen, without our wish,
but we shall not forget, I think, the harvest
where our bodies lie, on the hillock where we bled.

HARLAN R. CRIPPEN.

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VISITATION OF THE MAGI

She cowered as he stood there asking routine questions. And suddenly it all welled up in her . . . A short story by Alex Sandor.

"THERE he come now," said Mr. Pilone rising quickly from his chair at the three or four gentle knocks at the door. His wife saw him reach for the knob and she bit her lip and looked nervously about the room to see that everything was in order. She should have been used to it by this time, but she wasn't; every new visit was a new humiliation and for days afterward she bickered with her soft-speaking husband at the slightest provocation, and burst into tears, and had sudden fits of trembling.

Now she heard the door open creakily and at first could discern nothing in the shadowed corridor except her husband's striped-shirted back and the gleam of his suspender clips where a stray beam of light picked them out. And then they came into the room: her husband murmuring polite formalities in his broken English, and the tall thin young man looking coolly around. He came toward her and said "How do you do?" in a flat voice and then took off his horn-rimmed glasses and began wiping away the mist which had formed from the heat in the room. His movements were vigorous and assured, and she cowered somewhat as he stood there over her in his long black overcoat, his arms flapping like the wings of a hawk, his sharp nose sniffing, his eyes small and birdlike. She suddenly became aware of her bare elbows chilling against the not-yet-thawed shining surface of the porcelain-topped table, and then she heard her husband saying: "Take the gentleman's coat, Fortunata." She was glad of the opportunity to disappear with her burden into the bedroom.

When she came back, the interview had already begun. It was the usual thing: What was your last job? and before that? and before that? How long have you lived here? and before that? and before *that?* May I see the rent receipts please? the gas bills? the light bills? the laundry bills? the pawn tickets? Relatives? . . . Relatives? *Parenti, signor?* (The investigator was proud of his small treasury of Italian; it pleased him to see the light come into the brown troubled eyes, the expectant leaning-forward, the hopeful hesitant smile: *"Voi Italiano? . . . No, Signor, ma parlo un poco. . . ."*)

She sat in the far corner of the room, trembling a little, happy that the gloom somewhat shrouded her from this. She sat there staring at the vision now familiar as the crucifix over her marriage bed: the investigator-man nudging his questions into the private flesh of their lives, affable, occasionally smiling at her in the gloom, writing it all down in his little book. And as always she was amazed at her husband's calm, his wonderful command of this barbarous guttural tongue, the dignity of his nostrils high-lighted by the lamp, his square strong fingers holding the cigarette.

She remembered that he had looked like that, a little leaner then, when he came back for her and the baby ten years ago in Palermo. And now her thoughts began to revolve in a familiar groove: *home home home.* What had he gotten from this dismal damp America? Four years of good jobs and six years of *investigatori. . . .* Sure, sometimes he worked but now it was a strange kind of work for a government barbarously called PWC or WPE or The Relief at $52 a month and less when it rained and always the visitations of these cursed-be-to-Christ polite *uffiziali.* She felt cold, and bent down to turn up the oil burner.

"Thank you," the investigator-man said with a smile. "It is a bit *fredo,* isn't it?"

"My wife," said Mr. Pilone, shrugging his shoulders despairingly, "she's always cold. What can you do? One burner's not enough."

"Maybe if you'd set it here," the young man suggested, "you'd get a better distribution of the heat."

Mr. Pilone shook his head.

"No. We try that. We need another burner."

She saw the investigator-man walk around the heater, his lower lip pinched in contemplation between his thumb and forefinger. He was squatting down now and peering through the metal slits at the languorous blue flame within, and suddenly her heart was pounding wildly and she was shouting:

"Leave it alone! We fix ourself! We don't need you fix!"

"Fortunata, please!" Her husband took her arm and felt the muscles tight and twitching under the smooth skin, and the whole body vibrating like a tuning fork. The investigator was still squatting froglike on his knees, his head grotesquely twisted about in surprise.

"Excusa, please," said Mr. Pilone. "My wife. She no speak much English. She no understand. She always get nervous when investigator come. She no mean nothing."

The young man stood up: tall and velvet-voiced and smilingly reproving her:

"Nervous? What's there to get nervous about? We're not detectives. Do I look like a detective, Mrs. Pilone?"

"It'sa nothing," Mr. Pilone said, soothingly guiding his wife back to her chair. He sighed and returned to the kitchen table, its glazed surface scattered now with pawn tickets and bills. "Let's finish up, eh?"

"Where were we?" the investigator-man said absently. "Oh, yes, resources . . . resources. . . . Do you have any bank accounts, Mr. Pilone?"

Mr. Pilone smiled.

"You think I go through this if I have bank account?"

"A routine question," the young man said, almost to himself. He thumbed through his notebook. "But you have insurance, I see. Small policy? On the boy? Ten cents a week? . . ."

She suddenly remembered and looked at the clock over the sink. *Madre,* almost twelve. And she had forgotten completely about Nino. Damn this *investigatore!* What could she prepare now?

She hastened to the refrigerator and looked inside. No time for soup, he must be back to school by one. Cold chicken? No, save that for the evening. Sausages, sarde, ah eggs, that was it, an omelette, some bread and milk, that would do. She had just oiled the bottom of the pan when the door kicked open and Nino came in.

He had been whistling, but now he stood silent as a colt suddenly surprised by a stranger in the pasture. Then he sidled over to his mother but instead of kissing him as was her wont, she tugged sharply at his sleeve and said: "Go wash. Go." He backed into the bathroom and the door blotted out his dark wide eyes.

When he came out, the omelette was waiting for him at a cleared-off corner of the table. He sat down and began to eat, timid at his proximity to the stranger. His father patted his shining black poll.

"Nino. This is the investigator."

"Oh," said the boy, gulping down a steaming yellow glob of omelette. He ate rapidly, curious at their voices, every once in a while glancing sidewise at the man, his eyes big and probingly bright, both game-scratched hands gripping the glass of milk. When he trickled some on his chin, he saw the man smile and when he had finished the meal and his mother had taken away the dishes, he was no longer afraid. Now he was resting on his knees on the chair, a ten-year-old arched like a vibrant question-mark beside them.

"You Jimmy's 'vestigator too?"

"Jimmy who?"

"Jimmy Cusino down the block."

"No."

"Jimmy says his pop was cut off the relief."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Jimmy says his 'vestigator was a louse."

"Nino!" Mr. Pilone turned around, apology in his eyes: "He's only kid. He don't know what he say."

"Maybe he's right," the young man laughed. "We've got all kinds."

"Are there lady 'vestigators too? Jimmy says they had a lady."

"Sure. Lots of them."

June 3, 1
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The boy picked up the notebook and fingered the leaves, his head tilted in shrewd inquiry. Mr. Pilone reached for the book but the young man hushingly stayed his hand.

"I bet I know why you write in this."

"Why?"

Triumphantly: "So you remember everything, that's why."

Having scored his point, he dropped the book on the table, buried his arm in his pocket and took out a penknife, and began flipping it up in the air and catching it on his open palm in a game of silent bladeless mumbly-peg.

"I'm gonna be a 'vestigator some day."

"You are?"

"Sure, it's easy. We play 'vestigator every day in the schoolyard. Sometimes I'm on the relief and Jimmy asks the questions. Sometimes Jimmy's the relief and I ask the questions. It's fun."

They did not see the mother's face over the dishes. They did not see her turn off the tap and come quickly forward, wiping her wet hands on her apron, her jaw set, her eyes bright with anger and fear. She reached out and jerked the boy off the chair.

"What do you talk so much?"

"Aw mom, I didn't do nothin'."

"He was just telling us about a little game," the investigator-man said blandly.

She did not answer, backing away with her son out of the lamp's circumference of light, drawing the boy with her, both hands over his shoulders protectingly as a hen's feathers over a chick. She felt his hard twisting little body against her thighs, and she turned around to stand between him and her fear. She bent down and smoothed his shirt and said harshly:

"Go now. Go back to school."

"Aw, mom. It ain't time yet."

"Go," she repeated. "Go play in the street. Play . . . play games . . . not this kind. . . ."

When the boy had gone she went into the bedroom to escape the unspoken criticism of her husband. She had been tactless, she knew that, and he would tell her so later, but she could not help it. She shivered a little and shut the window and sat down on the bed. The mattress was soft and soothing as a warm bath and she stretched back and traced with her eye a crack in the plastered ceiling. She could hear the muffled interview still going on, going on in her head it seemed, the questions and answers over and over like a phonograph record with a broken groove. Maria's radio was blaring again and she got up and looked out at the too-familiar sunless littered courtyard, the wash fluttering on the lines, the boys playing handball down below. She pulled the shades and went back to the kitchen to finish the dishes.

"That accounts for about two hundred dollars," the investigator-man was saying. "What about the balance?"

She looked over her shoulder. Her husband was scratching the back of his head, the skin between his eyes thought-wrinkled. He shrugged his shoulders and flung his palms upward in bewilderment.

"We spend. I no remember how. We eat. We drink. We buy things. I can't remember everything."

"Let's start all over again," the young man said patiently. He lipped the point of his pencil and began to write:

"Rent five months—eighty dollars. Right?"

Mr. Pilone nodded.

"Union dues five months—twenty-five dollars."

"Wait a minute," Mr. Pilone said. "I pay back dues, too, to get the job. Three-four months. You can check at the union."

"O.K. Let's say twenty dollars more . . .? Now what would you estimate you spent on food over the period? Approximately. I don't expect you to remember the exact amount."

Mr. Pilone thought a while and shook his head.

"I no remember. Maybe forty dollar a month. Maybe more. . . . You see, when I get a private job I no live like I'm on relief. I work hard outside all day . . . plaster no easy job . . . when I get home I need big meal, bottle wine . . . gives you blood to work. I no keep record."

"You should," the young man said, friendly as an old campaigner to a recruit. "You never can tell when you'll be coming back. Would save you all this trouble."

The soapy plate slipped out of her hands and crashed. They saw her bowed back brushing up the splinters into the dustpan. A shadow clouded Mr. Pilone's eyes. The young man went back to his accounting, mumbling to himself.

"Let's see now . . . rent . . . mm . . . insurance . . . union dues . . . utilities . . . mm . . . back dues . . . food. . . ."

He bounced the pencil on its eraser and caught it as it vaulted into the air.

"That leaves two hundred and seventy-five dollars. *Think* now, Mr. Pilone, *th*—"

"Oh I remember something!" he interrupted brightly. "Over the Summer I take my wife and boy to Orchard Beach. Maybe five—six time. Spend maybe eight—ten dollar every weekend, eat, drink, swim, merry-go-round, you know. . . ."

"Fine! Fine!" the young man wrote it down happily. "Now we're getting somewhere."

"And something else," Mr. Pilone went on. "You see that refrigerat'?" The investigator noted the glossy white box, taller than the boy had been, the chromium stab of handle and hinge, and now he remembered that he had not noticed it at all when he had entered, had not found incongruous this wondrous shining silent-throbbing machine in the sixteen-dollar-a-month cold flat. No, he reflected, he must have overlooked it because he had half-expected to find it there, so often had he seen such evidence of hands reaching forward for the good things of life in the poorest Italian homes along First Avenue. . . .

"That's not the landlord," Mr. Pilone was saying. "That'sa mine. My wife always want one of those. We pay twenty-seven dollar down and five dollar a month. Fortunata," he called out, "show the man the book."

She took down the cracked yellow sugar bowl stuffed with grocery bills and household accounts, found the installment book, and brought it to the young man. He checked the amount and she peered cautiously over his shoulder to see him note it down on an itemized list. She could not read the English words but there were the numbers staring at her and the memory of what those numbers meant—the things bought and felt and enjoyed, as miraculous as wheat grown from scattered seed. There were the numbers of their few months of freedom. Emboldened by a wave of suspicion, she did not go back to her corner-chair but stood there behind the investigator-man watching the accounting with her eyes.

"Well," the young man said, rapidly tallying the sheet, "that leaves . . . uh . . . that leaves a little less than two hundred dollars. Now let's see. What else is there?"

"Like I told you before," Mr. Pilone said simply.

"Oh . . . you mean the clothing?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all right, except we should have some bills. You're sure you've none?"

"I throw them away. I think the job last. I no figure on this."

"Mmmm. . . ." He reflected a moment, then:

"Try to understand, Mr. Pilone. I don't doubt your word. But we've got to have some evidence. That's my job."

"Sure."

"If you can't show me bills, perhaps you could let me see some of the stuff you bought."

"Sure. Why not? Fortunata. . . ." He nodded towards the bedroom, and snuffed out his cigarette in the plate, and lit another. The investigator-man stood up to follow her, but she said:

"No. You stay here. I bring out."

That room with its bed and crucifix—that at least is ours, that's private, she thought bitterly, as she went swiftly to the closet door and swung it open. The numbers in the investigator's book were all hanging there—Giuseppe's striped blue suit, her dress with the black glass beads, the coat she had waited for for three winters. She brought them out, draping them carefully over the back of a chair:

"There you see. We no lie."

"Nobody says you lie, Mrs. Pilone," the young man said. He was estimating the cost of the clothing with his eyes, she could see that, he was putting down the numbers one after another in his mind, he was delicately weighing these fabrics they had clawed for and clutched for to see if the accounts would balance. And suddenly the whole green-sick morning—the waiting, the arrival, the impersonal catechism, the machinelike calculation of their flesh and wants—all this welled up in her like nausea, or as a hideous water-wall before the frightened swimmer, and crashed over her head, and she felt her throat

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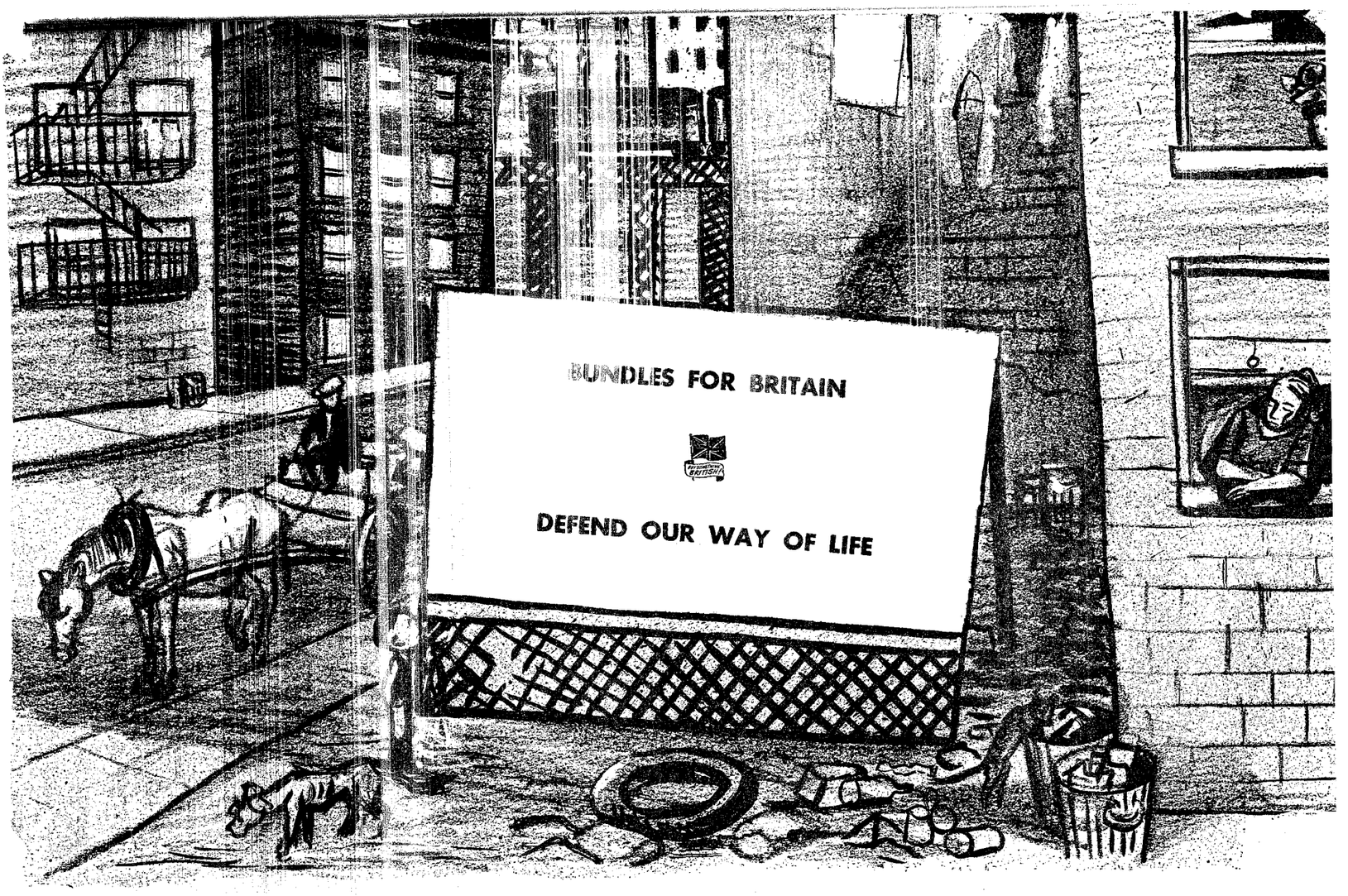

tight and burning, and the young man had become a wavering form.

"Yes you do!" she cried out. "You no believe! You think we lie!"

She pulled her elbow from her husband's grasp and ran into the bedroom, stumbling over the step. They heard her sobbing there, and then she had come out again bearing on her back and shoulders a huge disordered heap of new dresses, trousers, boys clothing, and shirts. She dumped the whole lot into the chair:

"I show you! We no lie! I show you everything!" she sobbed and ran back into the bedroom while her husband looked piteously at the investigator.

"Mrs. Pilone!" he called out helplessly. "Mrs. Pilone! I've seen enough. You really needn't bother—"

She was coming through the doorway rocking drunkenly now with the weight of the mattress she had dragged off the bed. She was unable to see clearly because the front of the mattress fell over her eyes, and she was staggering blindly, bowed like one of Millet's reapers by the cumbrous heavy weight. She slipped heavily upon one knee, got up again, her hair disarrayed, tears streaming down her cheeks, and in frenzy dragged and tugged the mattress through the portal and dropped it at the investigator's feet.

"You see! You see! We buy new mattress too! We no lie! I show you everything!"

Exhausted, she sank down on the mattress, and rocking there so, breathing heavily up at him, he felt a sharp stab of guilt as if he had brutally clubbed this woman into the weeping convulsive thing at his feet. His reason angrily dismissed his guilt; what had he done to deserve this, he thought, and yet there was the accusation, and mute accusation too in the disordered clothes-heap spilling off the chair. Her husband was by her side now, calming her with soft rapid words of Italian, and soon she was sniffling less and rubbing her red eyes with the back of her hand. The young man leaned down to touch her shoulder but she looked up at him and he drew his arm away as if she were a charged electric wire.

He mumbled something to Mr. Pilone, and then walked to the table and slipped his notebook into his pocket. Where is my coat, damn it, he thought, I'd like to get out of here. The woman got up and began washing her face at the sink. Where the hell is that damned coat, he thought, searching around the room. Mr. Pilone came over to him:

"Excusa please," he began. "She's not feel well. She's a sick—"

"Oh forget it," the young man said, putting his hand on Mr. Pilone's shoulder. Mr. Pilone smiled wanly. "Don't worry about this business. Everything will be all right. And now, may I have my coat, please?" He saw the woman moving toward the bedroom, seeking the shaded corners of the room, avoiding his gaze.

"My coat?"

"Wait. I get." And Mr. Pilone, too, disappeared into the bedroom. A moment later he came out empty-handed and stood by the door, puzzled. Then he started, and the investigator saw him walk to the chair and tug his overcoat out from under the clothing heap. Oh Christ, he thought, let's get out of here.

"Here you are," Mr. Pilone said cheerfully, holding up the coat to help him into it.

"Oh thanks. I can do that myself."

"It's all right."

He turned to go but Mr. Pilone called out: "Wait a minute," and opened the kitchen closet and took out a bottle of rye and a glass.

"Here. Have one. It'll warm you up."

"Oh no—" he started to say but looked at Mr. Pilone's face and saw that the drink was not offered in humiliation or as purchase. No, the man who had helped him on with his coat, the man who was offering him a drink was standing on the same ground as he was and his eyes were looking squarely into his own.

"Okay," the investigator said, "but you've got to drink with me."

Mr. Pilone nodded his head gravely, took out another glass and filled them both. He picked up his tiny amber-tinted glass.

"Salute," he said.

"Salute," the investigator said, *"Salute."*

ALEX SANDOR.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Crete and the Near East

THE sinking of the big British battleship *Hood* with its 1,300 men and officers, followed by the hunting down and destruction of the big German battleship *Bismarck,* supplies one of the major dramas of the war. Cancelling out its setback in prestige, the British Admiralty now has the opportunity to whip up a renewed confidence in its sea-power; for a while, it looked as though the reappearance of German naval forces on the high seas would add a "last straw" to all the British difficulties. Because the battle took place just outside of the North Atlantic convoy route and just off the shore of Greenland, it gives the convoy crowd in Washington a certain opportunity to yell for the participation of the American Navy in clearing the seas of German ships and submarines. But actually, the big navy men in Washington are not particularly displeased with the mutual destruction of big units in the German and British fleets. For as the belligerents knock each other's naval forces down to a peg, the American Navy gains in relative strength. And this will tend to strengthen that group among the admirals in Washington who wish to conserve and not jeopardize their growing superiority in naval ratios.

But the really important events of the week lay in the battle for the island of Crete. This speck of hilly land and barren mountains with a population of some 400,000 people was inherited by the British from Mussolini's invasion of Greece. It is an advance outpost of their sea power in the eastern Mediterranean. Were the British to lose it, the Nazis could then go on to Cyprus, which lies just to the east along the direct route to Syria. The Nazis would also have a valuable stepping stone to North Africa and the British would be forced back to their main bases at Haifa and Alexandria. The battle for Crete is also a major test of sea power versus air power, one of the most conclusive tests of the whole war. The way in which the Nazis are making use of gliders and air transports at the same time, pummeling the British naval forces from the air, is raising many eyebrows in Washington. Some editorialists, as in the New York *Times,* begin to doubt the wisdom of the emphasis on a three-ocean navy. They question whether enormous funds should be poured into the building of naval craft while work on the airplane still lags behind.

The Nazis are throwing almost everything they have into this battle; it is significant that they did not announce the news of the fighting until six days after it had begun, evidently because they were not sure it was turning in their favor. As we went to press, however, they seemed to have control of the western end of the island. In cooperation with the Italian air force they were piling men into the island and giving the British a very stiff fight. Many political issues hang on the outcome of the battle. First of all, there is prestige, which the British stand to lose and the Nazis to gain. Secondly, if Crete and Cyprus remained in British hands, the Nazis might be forced to reconsider a land campaign through Turkey, thus re-opening the issue of Turkey's neutrality, with corresponding problems in relation to the Soviet Union. If Crete and Cyprus fall, Turkey's neutrality will probably remain undamaged and the center of operations will shift to the Near Eastern mainland and the North African shore.

IN SYRIA AND IRAQ, things are therefore marking time. British news agencies report the flight of members of the Iraq government and speak of the imminent fall of Bagdad to British forces, but such reports should probably be taken with several grains of salt. The truth is that the Iraqi have been putting up a remarkable resistance, even carrying the fight across the desert into Transjordania. On the other hand, the British are pursuing the struggle with vigor, employing every type of equipment, and their naval vessels are even plying up the Tigris and Euphrates.

As for Syria: there has been some talk of a Turkish occupation. Some agreement between France and Turkey must not be excluded but it seems difficult to believe that the Turks should stick their necks out and take over a veritable hornet's nest. More important is the continuing discussion of an imminent British invasion of Syria. As our readers recall, we have suggested this possibility many times. The whole British operation in Iraq, in our opinion, was really an anticipation of the next phase of Hitler's campaign, with the possibility very real that the British would come into Syria from Palestine and western Iraq. The British have the man power and probably the equipment; their planes have been bombing Syrian fields for ten days. But whether they wish to take on more headaches in terms of controlling the Syrian people's movement, and whether they wish to be the first to quarrel physically with their former allies, the French imperialists, remains to be seen. Here, as in the larger diplomatic struggles of the war, preparations are going forward on both sides for a hard combat that will last well into the summer.

What Happened to Hess?

AMONG the manifold mysteries of the Hess affair, a minor mystery is the way it has been dropped out of the public press. For a full week the headlines ran riot, each edition outdoing the other, and then, as though controlled by some powerful censor, the publicity was turned off. That masterful speechmaker, Winston Churchill, is still at a loss for words, even more close mouthed than in connection with Britain's famous "war aims." All we learned in the past week is that the Duke of Hamilton tendered his resignation from the air force, fearing that his "patriotism" had been impeached, but it seems that King George rallied and persuaded the duke to carry on. Rudolph Hess himself was last heard from enjoying sumptuous meals in a military hospital.

The reasons for the strange behavior of our newspapers is undoubtedly related to the deeper motivations of the Hess affair as a whole. The British authorities have realized that Hess' discovery and their treatment of it, was really a trans-Atlantic stink-bomb. While millions of Americans were being implored to enter the war in a hurry, and give their all for Britain, the "best people" among England's upper classes were revealed as carrying on negotiations with their German counterparts, treating Rudolph Hess like a long-lost pal. Millions of Americans drew instinctive conclusions. It was no great mystery for them.

And now comes an important statement by the British Communist Party, which only the *Sunday Worker* recognized as news. "Whether Hess came with the knowledge or connivance of the German government . . . or whether he came as a representative of the dissident elements in Germany is secondary," says this statement. "Behind all the press sensation and the mystification lie the sharp realities of the present international situation," which the British Communists consider to have reached the "most critical" turning point "since the summer of 1939." Hitler has made important gains, but "further expansion in the direction of the Middle East raises sharp issues in relation to the Soviet Union" . . . the preparations of the United States to enter the war . . . "presents a menacing perspective" . . . to which must be added "growing internal difficulties" in the conquered lands. Thus, Germany is faced with "either a temporary agreement . . . with the Soviet Union on outstanding questions at issue" . . . or an agreement with Anglo-American imperialism. Similar dilemmas perplex the other side: "British imperialism is faced with a critical situation but all its calculations are on the aid of the United States to overcome its difficulties." While making preparations to enter the war, "the American ruling class is still watching the new moves in the international situation before making its final decision." . . . The Anglo-American ruling circles are "confident that their superiority of resources can ensure them final victory but they are aware that this will involve a protracted and destructive world war with a consequent menace to their whole system of class rule." They fear the advancing strength of the Soviet Union, and especially that Germany's orientation "toward diplomatic understanding with the Soviet Union will lead to a strengthening of Communism and the possibility of a victory of Communism in Germany."

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Thus, the British Communist Party puts its finger, not only on the Hess affair, but on the dilemma of the ruling classes among both belligerents. The rulers of the capitalist world are in a jam. They are near to losing control of the vast forces which their own policies set in motion. It is this which gives the coming summer its crucial character.

Yes, Remember the Zamzam

FOR a day, it seemed as though the administration would be able to dress up the Egyptian vessel *Zamzam* as another *Maine*. Certainly, it seemed a good enough pretense for the old Hearstian hysterics that would push the United States completely into war. This particular incitement, fortunately, came to nothing. Yet the *Zamzam* is an ugly prevue of what the administration has in mind. Only too clearly, Washington is looking for an "incident" to stampede the country. The press waited not an instant to raise a hue and cry of outraged anger over the *Zamzam,* even before the facts of what really happened were known. Americans on board were traveling at their own risk. Many were on their way to serve the British. Yet rumor that they were victims on a sunken boat was unhesitatingly used to raise the cry for convoys.

The administration is now sending American vessels, manned by American seamen, into the Red Sea. American destroyers patrol the waters where the mighty *Hood* was sunk—and the patrol acts as an information service for the British Navy. Is it possible that these provocative acts will not lead to disaster? Is it possible that such disasters will not be welcomed by the administration as an excuse for open warfare?

It is worth noting that despite all precedent, the British Ministry of Information rushed to tell of the *Zamzam's* sinking and to "commiserate" on the loss of American lives. Usually, ship disasters are revealed by the Admiralty—and then only months after the event. But this was a special instance. And Washington accepted it as a special instance.

Priorities, Inc.

THREE months ago, when President Roosevelt palmed off on the public a report by Gano Dunn, senior production consultant of the OPM, that steel supplies for both "defense" and civilian needs were adequate for 1941 and 1942 and no expansion of facilities was necessary, NEW MASSES predicted that before long a shortage of steel would develop. We do not claim any exceptional foresight. It was evident even to the layman that Mr. Dunn, who is a director of J. P. Morgan's Guaranty Trust Co., was simply transmitting the wishes of his boss, Edward Stettinius, Jr., head of the priorities division of the OPM and late chairman of Morgan's US Steel. Now the steel shortage is around the corner and the New York *Times* informs us that "Signs are multiplying in the steel industry that some [illegible] of government mandatory pri-

(Continued on page 20)

Amnesty for Spain's Democrats!

REPUBLICAN Spain fell on March 29, 1939. Three days afterward the American government recognized the Franco regime. That same day the President of the United States did something that all the friends of democracy could not induce him to do during the three years of the republic's fight for survival. He affixed his signature to a proclamation that lifted the embargo and his "arsenal for democracy" began to supply the Spanish fuehrer with the materials with which Republican Spain might have altered the course of modern history. The peoples of the world who revere the Spanish folk for their heroism will hold President Roosevelt to his share of the responsibility for what is happening on the Iberian peninsula today. This editorial is an attempt to briefly describe a reality that transcends language.

Do you know—and there is no doubt the President does know—that 800,000 Spanish men, women, and children have been executed since "the end of the war"? Do you know that between one and two million men and women in a population of about 25,000,000, are in Franco's prisons? Do you know that an entire generation is dwindling away, dying of hunger, swept off by the plagues of poverty? Do you know that tortures known only to medievalism go on in the cellars of Franco's dungeons? These are words on a piece of paper—we know it is hard to conceive the reality behind these words. Perhaps it would be a bit clearer if we put it this way: more people have been executed in Spain than live in the states of South Dakota and Nevada. Those imprisoned: one out of every twelve. In the United States that would mean 11,000,000 political prisoners.

Authority for these figures exists. Some of the facts have even appeared in the London *Times*—never an enemy of Franco, that good Christian gentleman, as Lord Halifax once called him. Even the Vatican Secretariat of State, closely allied to Franco, admits to half a million prisoners.

We wonder how the President feels as he reads the reports from his Spanish ambassador. His sources of information are certainly as good as ours: what could his reaction have been when he was told of Porlier prison where nearly "4,000 prisoners are condemned to death. Guards drive splinters under the prisoners' nails, or twist off their testicles, or crucify them to a table preparatory to flogging them to death." What did Mr. Hull think when news came of the 1,000 prisoners executed in Valencia last July 18, by way of observing the date of the fascist uprising? We have not forgotten the New York *Times* report on April 2, 1939, which said: "Asked whether the United States had appealed to General Franco for a policy of leniency toward political prisoners, Secretary Hull replied in vague and general terms." We wonder what Mr. Hull said to Mr. Welles when news came of the six trucks full of prisoners that cross Manuel Becerro Square in Madrid every morning on the way to Este Cemetery where the execution squad awaits them?

Hard as it is to believe, we do not think our state officials feel overly remorseful. If they did, they would alter their course of action. But on Oct. 16, 1940, the press disclosed the plan of the State Department to lend Franco $100,000,000. Popular resentment rose so turbulently that the plan fell through. But this did happen: the government granted a loan of $110,000,000 to Argentina which in turn extended Franco the full amount of the proposed United States loan. Both Washington and London continue their policy of appeasing the butcher of Madrid. They present their deeds as political necessities, as humanitarian actions. But it is a well known fact that Franco exports his people's goods, their farm products, their precious oranges, to fascist Germany. And the food that reaches Spain does not go to the people. It is not distributed by neutral hands. The Falange doles it out to those who are clear of any taint of loyalist sympathy. In other words, anybody in Spain who believes in democracy pays for it either with his life, or with the lives of his family who are condemned to death by starvation. That is the reality in Franco Spain today, and for that reality the government of the United States cannot evade responsibility.

But the government does not represent the people's will. America's millions gave liberally when republican Spain was fighting. They met, they demonstrated, they urged their government to action. Three thousand American boys felt so deeply about it that they enlisted in the loyalist army, half of them never to return. Today, the people of Spain need your help as much, and more, than they did during 1936-39.

The fact that a veil of silence has been drawn about Spain should not beguile America to similar silence. That is precisely what Franco and his friends here want. We must make ourselves heard: convince Washington that the orgy of executions must cease: that the millions in prison be freed. Genuine amnesty for the prisoners must be our cry. And many Americans have already come to that conclusion. The United Spanish Aid Committee is holding a meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, June 4. We hope to meet all NEW MASSES readers in New York there. The editors promise to do all they can to save the lives of those champions of democracy who face death and torture. It is a pledge every genuine democrat must make.

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orities are in the offing for plates and structural shapes." This means less and higher-priced steel for civilian use.

This repeats the experience with aluminum. For months Stettinius pooh-poohed the idea of a shortage of aluminum. Only a few weeks ago he invoked priorities for the metal, cutting down civilian supplies. In 1942 there will be no aluminum at all for civilian use, according to W. L. Batt, deputy director of the production division of OPM. The aluminum situation is the result of a three-cornered conspiracy among the Mellon-controlled Aluminum Co. of America, the Nazi chemical trust, I. G. Farbenindustrie, and the OPM. Details have been revealed at the hearings of the Senate committee investigating the arms program, headed by Senator Harry Truman of Missouri. The Mellon company, the closest approach to a 100 percent monopoly in the country, deliberately sought to limit the supply in order to push up prices. It also entered into agreements with the I. G. Farbenindustrie to curtail the output of magnesium, which is essential in the manufacture of aluminum. And the OPM played ball with ALCOA, helping it to keep all competitors out of the picture.

The development of shortages in aluminum and steel is not a case of bad judgment by the experts. On the contrary, it is a case of deliberate judgment by the Wall Street executives to whom President Roosevelt has turned over complete control of a program that is supposed to defend the people against fascism. The dollar-a-year-men are out to see that the corporations get billions a year out of the arms program even if living standards suffer.

New Model at Ford's

THE great victory of the automobile workers over the Ford Motor Company represents far more than the smashing of one of the greatest open shop fortresses in America. No one can belittle the workers' courage and unity that overcame the private army of thugs organized by Harry Bennett, nor can the disciplined, organized strike action that led to the NLRB election be underestimated. But over and above these achievements, the Ford workers pushed ahead in other ways that have a significance for the entire labor movement. The Red-baiting attack on their union was without result. William Green's strikebreaking efforts failed to affect the vote, even in the highly skilled machine shops, supposedly the stronghold of the AFL executive council. Sidney Hillman's OPM just didn't get a look in. The attempt to turn white against Negro, the desperate rounding up of Negroes to be used as strikebreakers failed to destroy the union's solidarity or to precipitate the race riots so confidently expected by Harry Bennett. Above all, thousands of other workers inside and out of the industry learned from the experiences of the Ford workers. Michael Widman, leader of the organizational drive, paid tribute to the "6,000 volunteer organizers from every walk of life who aided and helped the Ford workers side by side with the many local unions in the great victorious campaign that today sees the world's greatest anti-union empire defeated."

Ford is organized. And now the young local faces new problems—the most pressing, of course, is the winning of a contract with Ford. And then comes the need to build a strong organization, to break down any lingering divisions between black and white, to defeat Red-baiting (which UAW President Thomas and Walter Reuther, Hillman's white-headed boy, have injected into the union), to push on to new victories. The first and hardest round has been won. And thereby the labor movement throughout the country is immeasurably strengthened.

Suburban Witch Hunt

CITIZENS of Westchester County, N. Y., are getting a lesson in what "voluntary" enrollment in a war program means. Recently the county's Defense Council invited all residents to register for "home defense." Only eight percent of Ossining's people responded and in other areas the totals were not impressive. So Martin Dies has been invited in by County Sheriff Casey. The sheriff is sure that the old villain, Subversive Elements, is responsible for Westchester citizens' reluctance to be registered and booked. In fact he has been gathering "evidence" to that effect for the past thirteen months. And now he has a fine excuse to curtail civil rights.

For, admitted or not, the purpose of the "voluntary" enrollment for "defense work" is only a convenient means of piling up information on "subversive forces." And peculiarly enough, these subversive forces seem to be composed of labor leaders, of those who talk and work for the maintenance of peace, and of just plain people. Martin Dies is there to see to it that the spotlight of his ultra-patriotic investigation is turned on those who object to relinquishing fundamental rights. The people are to be terrorized. They are to be bludgeoned into silence on pain of being labeled un-American. It was done that way during the last war. If Dies and the administration have anything to say, the process will be appreciated here.

Helmet and Gown

THE generals can't wait on higher education for their soldiers. If they can't yank them out of college they will rush them through—three years instead of four, working through the summer, and no more holidays. That is the plan offered the brass hats by "liberal arts" institutions in the Association of American Colleges. A student it is explained, can enter college at eighteen and finish at twenty-one—just in time to shoulder a rifle.

That was one shot at education during the past week. There were others. In New York City 656 people were dropped from the school staffs, because of budget cuts. There was money for Rapp-Coudert's mean work on the Teachers Union which upholds educational appropriations, but not for enough teachers to take care of the overcrowded classrooms. And City College has been deprived of twelve more instructors and clerical assistants who were suspended by the Board of Higher Education for "conduct unbecoming members of the staff." Their conduct, as you have probably guessed, was unbecoming in the eyes of Mr. Coudert, who can see Red in the very possession of a union card. This makes a total of twenty-six suspended and one dismissed at Rapp-Coudert's instigation. And in Pennsylvania the same sort of witch hunting spirit expressed itself in the dismissal of Josephine Truslow Adams from the Swarthmore College faculty. Miss Adams, chairman of the Committee for People's Rights in Eastern Pennsylvania, testified against a wire-tapping bill before the House Judiciary Committee on February 10; on February 25 President Nason of Swarthmore told her that renewal of her contract would not be recommended. Not even a descendant of two American Presidents, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, can defend civil liberties without incurring the vindictive wrath of paper liberals.

Congratulations

THEY are honoring Leo Gallagher on the West Coast. They are commemorating the twenty years of service to the labor movement by this devout Catholic, this little man with iron-grey hair who has acted as defense counsel in countless cases against militant labor and civil liberties.

The roll call of his activities is a roll call of the people's struggles. From a secure position as professor of law at Southwestern University, Leo Gallagher entered the day-by-day fight—as attorney for Tom Mooney, as counsel for the agricultural workers of Imperial Valley accused in 1931 of criminal syndicalism, for A. E. Smith of Toronto, who was tried for sedition in 1933, for the Sacramento criminal syndicalism defendants in 1935, for innumerable men and women arraigned for picketing or for daring to strike and to organize, or for speaking freely and honestly, or for belonging to the Communist Party. Leo Gallagher traveled to Germany to participate in the panel of lawyers defending George Dimitrov—and was expelled from the country by the Nazis even before the Reichstag Fire trial came to an end. Leo Gallagher has been beaten by police and vigilantes; often he has gone unpaid because there was not enough money; he has been cajoled and threatened and berated. Yet he has continued to rise in court, to speak his mind sharply, uncompromisingly. Over a quarter of a million voted for him when he ran for a seat in the State Supreme Court; he gathered 150,000 votes as Communist Party candidate for state office.

NEW MASSES is proud to join the multitude of his friends in honoring him and his courageous leadership in the struggle for a better world.

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Readers Forum

Glancy at the Batt

To New Masses: The speech of W. L. Batt, deputy director of the Office of Production Management's procurement division, calling for longer hours for labor and the restriction of civilian consumption, hit the front pages of the newspapers. But only a few days earlier there was a speech made by another OPM official which did not hit the front pages of the papers. In fact, I didn't find a word of it in any of the newspapers that I saw. By chance I got hold of a copy of that speech and thought readers of New Masses might be interested in a few quotations.

The OPM official in question was A. R. Glancy, chief of the ordnance section of the production division. I understand that he won his democratic spurs as a banker and former General Motors executive. He undoubtedly felt very much at home when he spoke in Detroit on May 5 before the Economic Club, composed largely of successful businessmen. "War or the shadow of war is our normal condition—not peace," he told his audience at the outset. . . . "We are, and very properly so, engaged in preparations for war. . . . So why stress the softer word 'defense'—why not bring out boldly the stronger word 'war'? We read about the 'all out effort for defense,' but there will be no 'all out effort' until the people are acutely conscious of the fact that we are preparing not for defense, but to go to war, if necessary, with every atom of our strength. Don't let us deceive ourselves that the boys at Camp Custer and elsewhere are just 'camping out for the good of their health and to create a mock boom in the building industry.'"

Glancy went on to reveal that the administration is not merely preparing for this war, but creating a permanent military machine for the future. He declared that "these production facilities for war must not be dismantled as they were after the last war, but must remain permanently and become an actual part of our lives—not simply paper records of surveys stored in our military archives. That is why many of these new war plants are of a permanent type of construction." At the same time he blasted the idea propounded by certain New Dealers that the arms program would raise living standards and build facilities that could be utilized for peacetime production. "I can't agree, however, that this effort 'will provide the groundwork for industrial organization that will raise our living standards beyond anything the world has ever seen'. . . . These plants are single-purpose plants built to produce instruments of death and destruction, and cannot be diverted into the making of plowshares. I do not believe that some super-planning board is going to swing these high living standards into peacetime channels just as gently as rock-a-bye-baby."

Casting his remarks in the form of a report to a corporation's stockholders, Glancy referred to "Bill" Knudsen, also of General Motors, as the "Director General of your business." He continued: "I am here because this so-called defense program is the most stupendous business we have ever experienced; and because every man in this room has a stake in this business. . . . In one sense, this is rather a unique business. Our goods are so popular that we have no need whatsoever for a sales department. And as for the export trade—we are oversold for years to come. Our export sales policies are particularly progressive. We started on a 'cash and carry' basis. We are now on a 'lend and carry' basis. Tomorrow we may be on a 'lend and guaranteed delivery' basis. You, the stockholders of this business, should know the kind of organization you have at Washington to do this job for you, and how it is functioning."

What are the wares of this big business upon which Glancy reports? He gave the "stockholders" a few details to gloat over:

". . . We are getting geared to produce 20,000,000 of these .30 caliber [cartridge] trinkets every 24 hours and 4,000,000 of these .50 caliber cartridges or one million rounds every hour, about 50% more than in 1918. This .50 caliber, when streaming out of a machine gun at the rate of 600 per minute with a tracer every fifth shot, surely is a pretty sight for anyone keenly sympathetic toward death and destruction."

Of his division's new tanks Glancy said:

"I want my British friends to know how we in Detroit revere the traditional—old customs and habits are also sacred to us. We used to put whipsockets on our automobiles—we have a horn on these tanks. Why, I do not know, because the driver to clear traffic only has to put his foot on a treadle and two .30-caliber machine guns let go. Give me one of those tanks and I'll create more havoc in Detroit than you saw in *Gone with the Wind*. I could lick three or four Sherman's Armies any afternoon."

Then Glancy gave a few examples of the cost in terms of wasted man-power of just one aspect of the Roosevelt war program:

"If you could fire a .50 caliber gun for one hour, the cost for ammunition per hour would be . . . the productive labor at $1.00 per hour of 5,000 men. You know some companies in Detroit which employ about 5,000 men each. Think of one and then remember that its entire force has just enough productive labor to keep one .50 caliber gun going.

. . . "These 3-inch guns shoot 25 rounds per minute or 100 per battery. One round costs $22.37, or $134,220 per hour, or at $1.00 per hour the productive labor of 134,000 men. Mr. Ford, at Detroit, has about 100,000 men on his payroll. If he should increase that force by 34%, Mr. Ford could just keep one battery of 3-inch guns going. Do these figures begin to get under your skin? Can you visualize 134,000 men sweating and grunting just to keep one measly little battery going? Can you visualize on top of that all of the other guns roaring—the .30 and .50 caliber machine guns, the 20 mm. Hispano Suiza and Oerlikon, the 37 mm. and the 40 mm. Bofors, the French 75's, the 80's, the 105's and 155's, the 4-inch, 5-inch, 6-inch, 8-inch, 12-inch, 14-inch, and 16-inch, the battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, the bombers, combat planes and tanks, and the perfectly enormous production facilities that are taking thousands of men and women directly from civilian life, not to mention the million or more going directly into military service?"

Though Glancy's calculations betray only a rough-and-ready knowledge of economics, nonetheless they offer an effective thumbnail picture of the murderous, wasteful character of the capitalist way of life we are asked to defend. The men who control our country are leading us down a blind-alley of disaster. As Glancy put it, "Like a well-trained horse with a pair of blinders, I am traveling straight down the road with full confidence in my driver, producing what I am told to produce."

Chicago. R. L. Winters.

Mr. Werner Regrets

To New Masses: Your magazine has printed extensive quotations from my book *Battle for the World: The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War*. I regret that your references and quotations were so one-sided. I have a very high esteem for the military power of the Soviet Union. But you do not mention what I have written in my book on the weaknesses of the Red Army. Nor do you mention that I consider Stalin's foreign policy risky and dangerous for the Soviet Union itself. You say: "Werner's testimony is doubly authoritative in view of his previous volume, *The Military Strength of the Powers*—but you attempt at the same time to justify the Moscow trials. May I quote what I wrote in the latter book on the effect of the Moscow trials on the Red Army and the Soviet economy:

"The events of 1937-38, the brutal purge carried out amongst the topmost ranks of the officers' corps, the executions, arrests and degradations, the dismissals and reorganization—all carried out for political and not military reasons—have seriously damaged the officers' corps of the Red Army. . . . In addition, in the years 1936-38 the atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty created by purges adversely affected production as a whole, and war production suffered as well." (*The Military Strength of the Powers*, New York 1939, pp. 49 and 51.)

New York City. Max Werner.

[It is quite true that New Masses took only those excerpts from Mr. Werner's book which describe the present state of the Red Army. In so doing, we did no violence to Mr. Werner's text, nor did we, as Mr. Werner will admit, take any passages out of context. It was not necessary in our opinion to go back to a previous volume in order to present Mr. Werner's opinions of the "purges." There were two reasons for this: first, because we were excerpting from his *new* book, not from his *old* one; second, because there could not have been any important effect of the "purges" on the present state of the Red Army; otherwise, Mr. Werner would not be telling the truth when he speaks so objectively and so favorably of the Soviet Union's armed strength today.

As for the "clean-up" itself, we adhere to the position that New Masses took at the time, and which has since been proven by events. The Red Army might have lost a few generals and officers in 1936, but it strengthened itself immeasurably by removing the centers of German and Japanese espionage and treachery within the country. In terms of the thousands of officers and the generals who have come forward in the past five years, and in terms of the higher quality of mass participation in Soviet affairs, the elimination of disloyal elements was an *enormous* step forward for the USSR, a *gain*, not a loss. Fifty million

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Frenchmen and Spaniards will unquestionably agree with this judgment. Mr. Werner's own testimony confirms it.

Werner is quite correct when he says that we did not quote those passages in his book in which he talks about Soviet foreign policy, its risks and dangers. There were two reasons for this: first, because in that particular issue of NEW MASSES, we wished to describe the Red Army, not Soviet foreign policy; second, because we have always considered Mr. Werner a *military,* not a political, authority. Indeed, his merit consists of the fact that he does not ordinarily permit political opinions to color the objectivity of his analysis in dealing with Soviet military strength. Our readers have every opportunity to judge his political views by reading his book. Our reviewer, David McKelvy White, expresses his opinion of the book as a whole on page 24.—The Editors].

Two Protests on Browder

TO NEW MASSES: My opinion of the Browder case is a simple one. As I understand it, Browder traveled abroad incognito. He was convicted on a passport violation. He is now serving four years in Atlanta for this "crime." I would like to know whether the Atlanta cells to the right and to the left of Browder's are occupied by the hundreds, the thousands of other Americans who have also traveled incognito in foreign lands? The answer to this is: No. The business men who have traveled incognito are still doing business, still making steel, machinery, etc. The movie stars and celebrities who have traveled incognito are not, to date, prisoners in Atlanta.

And what about the American concept of equal justice to all men, whether those men are Communists, business magnates, or movie stars? I believe in the concept of equal justice. I believe that it applies to Earl Browder. Justice demands Browder's release. If the freedom of this man is violated, then the freedom of all men is endangered.

BENJAMIN APPEL.

New York City.

TO NEW MASSES: Although I have not been asked to contribute to the statements on the conviction of Earl Browder, I wish to subscribe to them. Even so unpolitical a mind as my own is bound to recognize so glaring a case of political persecution by legal subterfuge. The nature of the offense—a minor technical irregularity, of no injury to anyone, and frequently practiced in other cases without prosecution—the shocking severity of the sentence, and its coincidence with a campaign of hysterical prejudice against the Communist Party, allow of no other conclusion. And the multiplication of such abuses, so true to the fascist pattern, is deeply discouraging to those who want to believe in the good faith of the government in its military crusade in defense of democracy.

RALPH ROEDER.

New York City.

Addendum from Mr. Wirin

TO NEW MASSES: In a letter of mine on the Browder case, which you printed in your issue of April 22, I stated that Roger Baldwin and the American Civil Liberties Union had expressed the opinion that the Browder case involves no civil liberties issue.

Instead of the word "case," I should have used "decision," the reference being to the United States Supreme Court opinion.

My use of the wrong word resulted in a misstatement of the ACLU position, for the Union has expressed itself as finding in the Browder prosecution abridgment of civil liberties in the following respects:

(1) The bail originally set was excessive;

(2) The trial court's refusal to allow Browder to leave New York to participate in his presidential campaign throughout the country;

(3) The excessive sentence imposed.

My parting of company with Baldwin and the official ACLU position is occasioned by my belief that:

(1) The decision of the United States Supreme Court affirming Browder's conviction constitutes the beginning of that Court's capitulation to the current anti-Communist hysteria; and

(2) The prosecution of Browder by the Department of Justice was activated primarily by the administration's opposition to Browder's political views and anti-administration activities.

A. L. WIRIN.

Los Angeles.

Writers Rap Coudert

TO NEW MASSES: On Friday afternoon, May 2, a delegation consisting of Donald Ogden Stewart, Ella Winter, Ralph Roeder, Benjamin Appel, Henry Roth, and Margaret Schlauch visited Mr. Ordway Tead, chairman of New York's Board of Higher Education, in the name of the League of American Writers. The purpose of the delegation was to bring before Mr. Tead the position of these writers concerning the suspension without pay of fourteen staff members of the City College who have been named as Communists before the Rapp-Coudert committee.

The action, which was permissive but by no means mandatory, appeared hasty and over-severe to the delegation. It was based on allegations not yet tested by cross-examination of witnesses; it was taken *before* charges had been heard and answered before the Board; it entails suffering for the teachers and their families who find themselves abruptly deprived of modest incomes to meet current expenses. Fourteen families are now obliged to subsist on contributions made by friends and fellow members of the Teachers Union. As Miss Winter pointed out, it seems incredible that the welfare of the college or the community at large could be seriously jeopardized by continuing these persons on the payroll pending trial by the Board. The charge of "indoctrination" has been unsubstantiated as yet, and could not in any event apply to the clerical workers who have nothing to do with classroom work. If a democracy—and the colleges of the city are proud of their democratic organization—shows such panic over the presence of fourteen individuals, there must be something unhealthy about its internal state.

A second action growing out of the first was protested by the delegation; the banning of all suspended persons from all meetings or gatherings on the campus. Mr. Tead claimed that this was done in the interests of public peace, since feeling is running high on the campuses. But the accused teachers have no means of communicating at present with their former colleagues and students. Mr. Tead admitted that the daily press is not conspicuously fair or accurate in reporting controversial issues in general, and therefore might not be in the case of the Coudert investigation. The delegation then urged that the suspended teachers be readmitted to the only means of communication left: the use of the spoken word in addressing colleagues.

In addition the writers stressed the dangers implicit in the situation as a whole. The procedures of the Coudert committee have engendered an atmosphere of timorous apprehension inimical to scholarly work. It is known that the committee has been questioning defendants about opinions, reading matter, and theories ("What would you do if . . .?") which cannot possibly be called "activities" in any sense. Moreover, the resolution of the Board which introduces a political test for employment in the college is a danger. Although ostensibly limited to activity, not opinions, this test could be abused by interested parties and might, in times of tension like these, become an invitation for the preferment of charges on the basis of unsupported denunciation. The delegation urged that the Board take into consideration the abnormal tension of the times, and seek rather to diminish than increase the already deplorable anxieties and insecurity felt in the academic world. There is an alarming parallel, said Miss Winter, between the developments in America today and the situation in Germany and France preceding the triumph of fascism.

Mr. Tead listened attentively to the speakers and expressed general concern over some of the issues raised by them. He did not, however, feel that he was in a position to commit himself by definite statement on the requests made to him at the time.

MARGARET SCHLAUCH.

New York City.

Agreement on Saroyan

TO NEW MASSES: I have just read Alvah Bessie's review of the latest Saroyan hodge-podge (NEW MASSES, May 6), and the other day on going through my old NM files came across his criticisms of the earlier Saroyan numbers. It is a good moment to write you—because I just want to holler out loud for joy!

To begin by agreeing with Bessie—emphatically yes, the "Crazy Armenian" is the mouthpiece of un-reason. Not an honest emotion anywhere, or a thought. And, of course, no action! He simply cannot pin himself down to action in a play, any more than he is capable of having convictions about anything—the latter, especially requires discipline of oneself to values which, objectively tested, become truth. But whether Saroyan is sniping at Okies or loving the people, it all comes to the same thing: the one thing he *consistently* does is ignore the facts of life, the realities, replacing them with subjective whims, whines, smears, and sentimentalisms.

There never was any life in the man—from his first sad little peep in *The Daring Young Man* it was the whining and sniveling of a little bitter egotist who wanted to be acclaimed a superman. All the rest since is nothing but a series of hollow variations on the one theme of ego, dragged through all the minor keys of pathos, self-conscious whimsy, sentimentality, and scurrilous buffoonery. It is a mouthing of words; a jargon in the ears; a mumbo-jumbo of contradictions and crossed impulses, just like the effete civilization of that upper class audience for whom he performs.

But to come back to Alvah Bessie. Besides being always stimulated and informed by his criticism, what I think best in him, his comments *never* are separated from discussion of theater technique—the art and craft of writing for the stage. One always knows *why* it is a good play or a bad play.

Should Mike Gold's invaluable work in *The Hollow Men* ever be repeated, let us say extended, perhaps in another volume done by a group of authors, Bessie's articles on Saroyan would make a splendid part of such a book in a chapter by themselves. Maybe it's worth thinking about?

LILLIAN BARNARD GILKES.

New York City.

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OUR CULTURAL STAKES

Samuel Sillen discusses a few of the tasks facing the Fourth Congress of American Writers. Keeping open the channels of communication. The need to continue a great pamphleteering tradition.

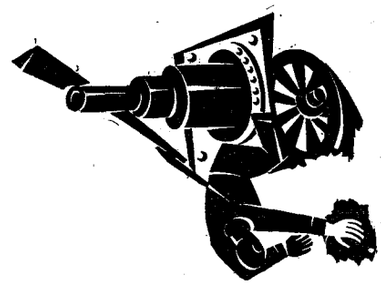
THE Congress of American Writers which opens in New York next week will differ in one basic respect from the three previous congresses. It meets at a time when every phase of American life is being permeated and transformed by the world war in which we are engulfed. This is a total war. Its effects are incalculable. The repercussions of the war to which the American people have been so deeply and unwillingly committed by the Roosevelt administration cannot be measured merely in terms of wages, prices, production statistics, or draft board regulations. What is at stake, just as profoundly as the sheer physical existence of human lives, is a whole conception of culture which we have been developing in this land for over a century. Nothing can any longer be taken for granted. Our free school system, for example, is today experiencing a fight for survival which parallels the fight for its creation a hundred years ago by the American labor movement. And the same struggle, as we shall have to recognize increasingly, is being renewed with regard to science, literature, and the arts.

At previous congresses of the League of American Writers, in 1935, in 1937, and again in 1939, it was possible to speculate about the effects of total war without addressing oneself to the detailed problems which it would inevitably create for cultural survival. Writers warned against policies leading toward war. They took a stand against fascism. They established ties with the people, discussed craft problems, created a program for the advancement of democratic writing in America. Their policies were sound and their vision was wise. Today they are being put to the sternest test. For issues which formerly seemed relatively remote have become a matter of life and death. Only the most sober, realistic, and courageous thinking and action can avert the calamity which threatens our democratic inheritance.

It is good to know that progressive American artists will hold a congress concurrently with the writers, for this is clearly the moment to pool all available forces in the defense of culture. Necessarily, both groups will have to come to grips with a wide range of problems. I want to mention three or four which profoundly reflect the influence of the war. In discussing them I want to suggest not only the special difficulties created by the present situation but the special opportunities which it releases.

There is, for one thing, the very real problem of keeping open the channels of communication for progressive writing and art. Censorship, as we know, operates in two ways. We have not as yet reached the stage of naked censorship, although we have seen enough symptoms to recognize its approach. The imprisonment of booksellers in Oklahoma, the burning of textbooks in several communities, the rising tide of library restrictions, and the creation of modernized Creel committees in Washington point ominously to a war board of review. At the moment, concealed censorship is even more serious. The outlet for honest writing in the magazine field has steadily shrunk to the vanishing point. Hollywood's failure to make money on war films will not persuade even the money-mad producers to look for anti-war scripts. And the book publishers unmistakably have the jitters. One can easily imagine most of them tossing a 1941 *The Grapes of Wrath* among themselves, vying with one another to keep from publishing it. And when they do manage to publish a forthright book, they withhold from it the oxygen of publicity, supported in this regard by review editors of the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.

Writers will be obliged to deal with this problem both from the point of view of their own economic survival and of their desire to reach and influence their rightful audience. Certainly, resistance to censorship, whether of the blatant or disguised variety, is an elementary necessity for every honest writer. Writers must find independent ways of establishing contact with the millions of American workers organized in the trade unions. With the upsurge in the labor movement and the heightened consciousness of the masses, new areas of readers are awaiting literature which will express and interpret their lives. The establishment of a literary magazine by the League of American Writers can no longer be avoided; any obstacles in its way must be immediately overcome. Moreover, writers have an opportunity to take advantage of new forms that are emerging: the new union theaters and circulating libraries and publications, for example. The audience exists, the need exists, and writers must confront their challenge.



Another interesting problem is raised by the topical headline-mentality books which are flooding the market. This is the period of the over-night treatise. The publishers are rewarding the flimsiest guesses. Wythe Williams and Walter Winchell are the great political thinkers of the day, and experts in history, economics, and military strategy are created at editorial-sales conferences. We are witnessing not only a slackening of scholarly standards but a cheapening of plain ordinary decency.

Today the flotsam and jetsam of the literary world are elevated by the book clubs, and their pulpish "True Confessions" are hailed by the reviewers as great literature. The Pulitzer committee gives an award to Westbrook Pegler; the Book-of-the-Month Club sponsors Jan Valtin. The greater the lie the loftier the masterpiece.

At the same time, public interest in social problems is at fever pitch, and the columnists and radio commentators do satisfy a need even though they brutalize it. For progressive writers there exists a genuine opportunity for short, dynamic, topical works in the great pamphleteering tradition. We need Milton's *Areopagitica,* Swift's *A Modest Proposal,* Paine's *The Crisis,* Shelley's *Address to the Irish People,* Thoreau's *On Civil Disobedience.* Not enough anti-war writers have understood the dignity of this medium and its pertinence to the needs of the day. Dalton Trumbo's essay on the Harry Bridges trial, published by the League and circulated widely, is a good example of the potentialities of the short, hard-hitting, topical work. Michael Gold's *The Hollow Men* is another. We ought to have more like them.

A third problem is raised by the outrageous debasing of historical method and truth by reactionary and war-minded writers. Mr. Roosevelt's reference to the Tripoli pirates as the justification for our involvement in a modern imperialist war, which takes place under entirely different circumstances from those which existed at the beginnings of the republic, illustrates the sort of historical sleight-of-hand that is today being so widely practiced. In *Oliver Wiswell,* Kenneth Roberts smears Sam Adams and other American patriots; the book is greeted as a profound contribution to historiography by a press which tells us in the same breath to fight a war in the name of these patriots. Skim milk masquerades as cream. Woodrow Wilson is suddenly glorified in at least half a dozen books, and he is praised for those very acts which two generations of Americans have had cause to regret so painfully.

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And yet, here again there is an opposite and hopeful trend. Occasional books reflect the tendency which would truly dominate our historical writing if the publishers encouraged it. Henrietta Buckmaster's splendid book on the Abolitionists, *Let My People Go,* is the answer to half a dozen *Santa Fe Trail*'s. Harvey O'Connor's book on the Astors, Herbert Aptheker's fruitful researches into Negro history, and Bruce Minton's and John Stuart's cogent analysis of America between wars in *The Fat Years and the Lean,* illustrate an authentic approach to history of which progressive writers will want to take note and champion.

The negative and positive aspects of the literary situation may further be illustrated in the resurgence of interest in Latin America. The administration's great demonstration of affection for other countries in this hemisphere has led to some curious contradictions.

A Rockefeller is appointed cultural ambassador. Mr. MacLeish organizes a Writers Congress in Puerto Rico to which Puerto Rican writers are not invited. And to symbolize its sincerity, the State Department refuses to allow the great Cuban Negro poet, Nicholas Guillen, to enter this country for the purpose of attending the Fourth American Writers Congress. The newspaper *Hoy* of Havana in commenting on this exclusion says: "The decision of the American consulate is a strangely arbitrary one and reveals once more the false spirit of the deceptive democracy espoused by the big business magnates who dominate America. While writers who are openly in the services of fascism receive free access to the United States, others who, like Nicholas Guillen—anti-fascist and anti-imperialist—have placed their art at the service of the people, find themselves prevented from entering the United States even when (as in Guillen's case) it is a question of exercising a professional function and when he has been expressly invited by an organization of such prestige as the League of American Writers."

One of the aims of the congress is to "contribute to a genuine cultural interchange between the peoples of the Americas." Even the empty gestures of devotion by the war party have had their value in awakening public interest in Latin-American relations. A real opportunity is now open for American writers to cement the ties which legitimately unite them with the oppressed nations to the South. In a talk recently with the three Latin-American novelists who won the Farrar & Rinehart literary award this year, I got a vivid impression of the community of interest between the anti-imperialist writers of both parts of the hemisphere. The discussions of this problem at the forthcoming congress should pave the way for mutually stimulating collaboration.

These are only a few of the tasks which the Fourth Congress of American Writers will face. They are difficult tasks, but they are not insuperable. It is heartening to know that in this period of grave crisis the membership of the League has increased. Over 700 writers in the organization—the largest number since its inception—are determined as never before to fight for cultural survival and progress. They have spirit. They have talent. They are on the side of the people. Their congress will have historic significance.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

Survey of the War

BATTLE FOR THE WORLD. *Modern Age Books. $3.*

"BATTLE FOR THE WORLD" further strengthens Max Werner's reputation, already firmly established by his *Military Strength of the Powers,* as an outstanding authority on military questions. He is a close, critical, and conscientious student of the development of military theory and practice. In 1938 he showed that he had a realistic understanding of the dynamics of modern warfare, when, in his previous work, he soundly estimated the power of Hitler's military machine. Today as then he begs the bourgeois politicians not to believe their own lies and propaganda about the strength of the Red Army. So much of his prediction has been justified by events that the reader could hardly object if in his present book Mr. Werner quoted himself more frequently than he does.

Yet military science, like any other science, can serve imperialism only at the expense of distorting and violating its most basic consistency. Mr. Werner attempts to put all his able scholarship and fine reasoning powers at the service of British and American imperialism. The difficulties and contradictions in which this involves him are most clearly evident on the last page of his book. This page begins with the sentence: "The ways of Soviet policy in the Far East are devious." It closes with the sentence: "It is an advantage for the future that at the head of the British government there stand at present enemies of the policy of Munich, and that American diplomacy remains completely untainted by that policy."

Mr. Werner does not tell us what he thinks of *American* policy in the Far East. Indeed, while he frequently hazards opinions on Soviet policy, other than its military aspects, he does not discuss American diplomacy at all. It would be interesting to learn how, except in terms of Munich, he could explain Roosevelt's "parallel action" in aid of British and French appeasement, his embargo against the Spanish Republic, his eager recognition of Franco, his meddling in Soviet-Finnish relations, his responsibility for the intrigues of Welles, Kennedy, and Donovan, his rather worse than "devious" treatment of Japan and China, his present unity with Mr. Werner's British "enemies of the policy of Munich" in the attempted appeasement of Franco.

One may assume that, although he does not quote it, Mr. Werner subscribes to the great axiom enunciated by Clausewitz: War is a continuation of politics by other means. Hence an understanding of politics must precede the

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attempt to understand any particular war. Mr. Werner appears to have a partial grasp of this truth. In dealing with the collapse of France, for example, he exonerates the French workers and places the blame correctly on Laval and the French fascists. Yet there is no thorough analysis of the political origins of the war. He seems to have no appreciation of the deep hatred and fear with which the capitalist governments have always regarded the Soviet Union. Ignoring the long history of British anti-Soviet diplomacy, he ascribes even Munich solely to Allied military weakness. He says nothing of Britain's desire to isolate the Soviet Union and impel Hitler to attack it. Though he sharply criticizes the British for failing to aid Poland, he does not see that the sacrifice of Poland was intended, as brutally and as uselessly as Czechoslovakia, to be a bribe for Hitler; nor does he understand that the war was declared not against fascism but against the German-Soviet pact, which was Hitler's only action to elicit from British spokesmen the charge that he had betrayed Western civilization.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Werner has difficulties in handling the Allied-Soviet negotiations and the Allied behavior in the Soviet-Finnish war. On both questions he accuses the Allies of stupidity rather than of frustrated anti-Soviet ambitions. Though he sees that "the arms sent to Finland were taken from the meager, inadequate Allied supply," and though he admits that for a group of French fascists this was "not so much a matter of aid to Finland as a strategic base and possibly a war against the Soviet Union," he does not see this as a common aim of the British, French, and American ruling classes. He is consequently reduced to confessing his complete inability to explain the Finnish adventures of the Allies—"Intervention in the Soviet-Finnish war would have involved a tremendous risk to the Allies—almost the certainty of defeat—without any conceivable military objective." Accordingly, Werner does not see that even today, in the Near East rather than the far north, the main aim of the British and American governments is that of "Marcel Deat, the defeatist," who hoped that "the war against Germany was to be transformed into a war against the Soviet Union."

Anyone who does not realize how and why a war starts naturally cannot be expected to realize how it can and should be stopped. Just as Mr. Werner can correctly call Nazi foreign policy "unscrupulous" without being embarrassed by his own account of the cynical and perfidious foreign policy of the Allies and its long list of betrayals of one country after another, so too he can speak of Germany as conducting "an imperialist war for the re-division of the world" and give a vivid and accurate description of Hitler's real war aims, without reflecting how gruesomely familiar they must sound to the victims of British oppression in India and Africa. For example: "Finally, Africa is regarded as an ideal colonial domain. . . . In the German

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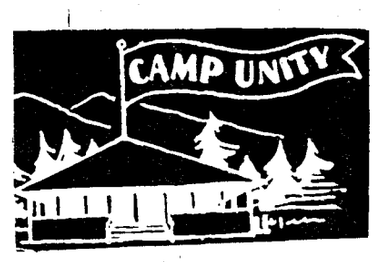
view its Negro population represents a cheap and willing labor force, with a low political and economic standard — dependable slaves, incapable of resistance, and, at worst, easily controlled." (It never occurs to him that history proves this to be the *British,* as well as the German view of Africa.)

If indeed, as Mr. Werner contends, Churchill's road to victory lies in appealing to the democratic aspirations of the European masses, one would think that Churchill might well begin by calling to his assistance the tortured people of Spain rather than by abetting their murder and starvation. According to Mr. Werner, "the disastrous heritage of Chamberlain was liquidated." Yet he finds it necessary to scold Churchill for his slogan of "war against the German people." Surely the height of something—naivete, perhaps—is reached when Mr. Werner quotes from a Soviet journal: "But the weakest sector may be rendered most favorable for us by considerations of morale and politics," and then adds: "That, precisely, was the case in the fight against Mussolini's armed forces." "For us!" Mr. Werner is apparently not content with transforming Churchill into a lover of democracy; he must, forsooth, make a Communist of him! Mr. Werner should recall that when Churchill tried this nice idea and addressed himself to the Italian people, he did not, and as an imperialist could not, say one word against the reactionary oppression of the common people either in Italy or in her colonies.

But despite the confusion of this book and its reactionary aim of assisting the attempted stampede of the American people into this reactionary war, Mr. Werner makes many contributions toward a clear and progressive understanding of present and recent events. Foremost among these are a realistic appreciation of the power, if not always of the purpose, of the Red Army, and the definitive crushing of a number of reactionary canards against the Soviet Union. Mr. Werner ridicules and disposes of the theory that Hitler is, in any important degree whatever, being supplied with oil by the Soviet Union. He laughs at the idea that the Soviet Union stabbed Poland in the back. And he shows conclusively that "Soviet foreign policy is not governed by fear of war, and specifically not by fear of Hitler, as is so often cited by way of explanation. . . . Soviet foreign policy was constantly risking war" in its long and lonely struggle for collective security and peace.

To the reader who suffers no illusions as to the aims and aspirations of all the imperialist powers, *Battle for the World* is a stimulating and encouraging book. To such readers it is clear, from Mr. Werner's picture of the balance of military force, the economic problems involved, and the unrest and strivings of subjected peoples, that Churchill, Hitler, and Roosevelt, alike in their frenzied drive for empire, are preparing the suicide of the bloody and inhumane economic system they represent. The battle for the world will at length be won by the people of the world.

DAVID MCKELVY WHITE.



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Northern Merchants

BUSINESS AND SLAVERY, *by Philip S. Foner. University of North Carolina. $4.*

DR. FONER'S book is a major contribution to American historiography. It is the product of truly prodigious research into a field hitherto hardly touched; namely, precisely what were the attitudes and actions of the merchants of New York City during the critical decade, 1850-60, in regard to the question of the continued national rule of the slavocracy?

The author demonstrates the close interlocking of economic interests between the city's merchant class and the nation's slave-holders, the former serving as the latter's distributor and creditor; he shows, in detail, the resulting political alliance between the two groups and the efforts of this alliance to fasten irrevocably the institution of human enslavement upon this nation. The concluding section of the work offers a fascinating analysis of the process by which this alliance, under the stress of the slavocracy's actual secession and the consequent divergence in tariff regulations between the North and the South, was finally broken.

Incidental to the development of this thesis there are presented data of great value concerning such varied matters as the extent of northern investments within the South; the participation of eminently respectable New York firms in the resuscitation of the world's filthiest and bloodiest business, the African slave trade; the complicity of New York merchants in the establishment and development of the chauvinistic Know-Nothing movement as an attempt to bury the slavery issue; the founding of other propaganda organizations, like the Union Safety Committee and the American Society for Promoting National Unity, using different means—including Red-baiting—to achieve the same end; and the extent of outright treason among some of the same individuals just prior to the outbreak of actual hostilities.

Only one important criticism occurred to this reviewer. Dr. Foner declares that he is using the word "merchant" in the old-fashioned sense of a person engaged in business, not in the modern sense of one engaged in the *distributing* business, that is, a merchant capitalist. Yet it is clear that it is only with the latter group—dominant at this period in New York—that Dr. Foner is primarily concerned; not with the industrial capitalists whose attitude, as a class, was opposed to both the slavocracy and the merchant capitalists.

Anyone wishing to understand pre-Civil War economic and political history must read Dr. Foner's work. What he has to say is important and is available nowhere else.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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ST. GEORGE PETS THE DRAGON

In the film, "Major Barbara," Shaw forgets the effect of plain words. Confusing parables and irrelevant by-play . . . The trade union theater comes of age.

ONCE there was a shining knight with a sharp spear, and his name was St. George Bernard Shaw. Dragon-killing was his specialty. The granddaddy dragon of capitalism, the green-eyed horror of slums, the nasty little squirming beast of British snobbery—all got his spear between their ribs at one time or another. Dozens of young dragon-busters, including this reviewer, got their first inspiration from watching St. George do his stuff. In the film *Major Barbara,* however, St. George has yielded considerably to the allurements of the dragon.

This, apropos of the propagandist introduction to the picture, in which Shaw declares that he has fought against oppression all his life, and the best way for America to take up that fight is by coming to the defense of the British empire. Much may be forgiven a playwright of eighty-five; yet it is sad to hear a socialist and an Irishman talk of England's governing class as "We."

Major Barbara itself, being more than thirty years old, approaches that class from a quite different angle. Unfortunately, however, it speaks in parables, and there is nothing like a really confusing parable to draw a play's teeth. In consequence, the lords of the films were able to produce this "socialist" film without fear of endangering Mr. Churchill's war effort. Yet, stripped of its extravagant wit, *Major Barbara* does obscurely make a sound economic point.

Andrew Undershaft, munitions maker, stands for capitalism. "I'm a millionaire; that is my religion," he says, and, *"I* am your government!" In revolt against Undershaft, his guns, his slums, his unemployment and misery, the young people of the play try to escape from industrialism altogether; Barbara in the sentimental religion of the Salvation Army, and Adolphus, her lover, in a sterile "culture"—he is a professor of Greek. The sillier characters of the play merely retreat into British gentility. But Adolphus finds that Greek is no good when you need bread, and Barbara discovers that her religion, far from being the enemy of the money barons, is their amusement, their toy, their device for keeping the dispossessed quiet; consequently, it is benevolently financed by Undershaft and Co. The only real, genuine thing in their world is Undershaft's tremendous industrial plant. And the young people abjure their feeble escapism, resolve to take over Undershaft and Co., and use it for the good of the human race. They "dare to make war on war."

This is what *Major Barbara* is really talking about; but far be it from Mr. Shaw and his film producers to say so in plain words. Indeed, the film is so overlaid with irrelevant byplay and characterization that it appears at moments to say the exact opposite. Andrew Undershaft, in the abstract, is capitalism; personally, he is an amusing old man, affectionate to his daughter, and played with a delightful slyness by Robert Morley. Barbara may be the revolutionary spirit, incarnate, but she is an impulsive and romantic girl as well, and Wendy Hiller's sentimental interpretation does nothing to clarify matters. The Undershaft plant is represented as the sort of Utopian village Henry Ford would like you to believe he gives his workers, and when Barbara and Adolphus decide to take it over they are, to all appearances, merely continuing Papa's role as a benevolent capitalist. The rich people may be silly, but they're agreeable, while the poor seem to consist almost entirely of lumpenproletariat.

When the wrath of the people does express itself in unmistakable social criticism, it is turned aside by a soft wisecrack. "What keeps us poor? Keeping you rich!" says the worker who is "too old" at forty-nine. "I wouldn't have your conscience, not for all your income."

"And I wouldn't have your income," Undershaft counters, "not for all your conscience." To the audience, the millionaire seems the winner in that encounter. It is a doubtful question whether what *Major Barbara* has to say is worth the hard work of digging beneath the surface.

So *Major Barbara* really comes to little more than a Hollywood farce done with far more than Hollywood wit. It is, frequently, amusing enough and the performances of Rex Harrison (Adolphus) and Robert Morley are things of beauty in themselves. Wendy Hiller, who was so good as the guttersnipe in *Pygmalion,* is rather tedious as the ladylike Barbara. The cockney pickpocket of Emlyn Williams is perhaps the best acting of all; the rest of the cast, as well as the direction and photography, are competent if undistinguished.

"SONG OF THE HARVEST." *From David Burliuk's recent show in New York*

NO ONE should ever give Hollywood a good idea to play with; the carnage is frightful. *A Woman's Face* had an admirable opportunity to study the effect of environment upon character. Take a girl whose face is twisted by a scar, whose personality is correspondingly twisted with resentment and hate; let a plastic surgeon make her lovely, and what happens? Well, in Hollywood what happens includes a murder, a couple of unsuccessful attempts at murder, a sensational murder trial, a ride in a cable car over a waterfall, and a wild chase along a mountainside, complete with galloping horses.

You are asked to believe that a character warped for twenty-two years can automatically untangle itself in a few weeks; that

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beautiful women must have beautiful personalities; and that one look at Melvyn Douglas makes a bad girl turn good. No more feeble motive for reform was ever offered. Conrad Veidt's performance as the sinister Torsten Barring is the one good thing *A Woman's Face* has to offer. Joan Crawford, as the girl with the scar, is fairly bad, but when she becomes her natural self she is horrid.

STARRING Paul Robeson with a cast of Welsh singers and miners, *Proud Valley* for three-quarters of its length is a tragic *J'Accuse!* hurled at the British ruling class.

Paul Robeson, a sailor without a ship, wanders into a Welsh mining town during a singing rehearsal for the Eisteddfod. Joining spontaneously in the singing, he is welcomed by the miners, who get him a job in the pits and enlist him in the town chorus of Blaendy. It is noteworthy that here, among workers, no racial prejudice exists; but later, when the miners interview the rich gentlemen who employ them, Robeson must remain outside.

Blaendy, poverty-stricken at best, is reduced to utter misery when an explosion causes the mine owners to shut down. Here the film rises to the heights of *Grapes of Wrath;* the slag heap of the mine towers against the sky, and all along its curve are silhouetted the bent figures of miners, laboriously picking out stray bits of coal to keep their families warm. The young cannot marry; the children cannot eat. Entreated to reopen the mine, the owners refuse; it would cost too much to drive a safe passage around the region of fire, gas, and cave-in.

So the miners organize an expedition to walk several hundred miles to London and interview the owners personally. Robeson and others start off, the people of Blaendy singing them on their way. The defiant sound of this singing, and the heroic spirit of the delegation, make the beginning of the expedition magnificent. But while they are singing their way to London the war breaks out.

Instantly the film's British producers take it into a nosedive. It is a very different delegation that sidles humbly into the owners' offices, asking to be allowed to commit suicide in reopening the mine so that the military machine can have its coal. There is grim horror here, but it is unintentional; *Proud Valley* has dropped the workers' point of view, and sees nothing revolting in the spectacle of owners refusing to open a mine the safe way lest it cut profits, but perfectly willing to open it cheaply at the cost of men's lives. Robeson and his companions are graciously allowed to go through the sealed section. In the process several die, and Robeson voluntarily sacrifices himself to save the others. The reward of this heroism is the reopening of the mine and the return of the men to their dangerous and ill-paid work, under worse conditions than ever—all that the British rulers care to allow the miners.

In spite of this compromise with misery, *Proud Valley* has much to recommend it. First, of course, there is the singing of Robeson and the People's Chorus of Blaendy. Then, too, this is the first English film, to my knowledge, that actually recognizes the existence of the English people. Ordinarily the "lower classes" are treated in British films much as Hollywood films treat the Negro; as clowns to add comic relief to the antics of the ladies and gentlemen. *Proud Valley,* moreover, is beautifully photographed and superbly acted by its non-professional Welsh cast. A little girl of about nine, Dilys Thomas, is the best child actress I have ever seen. The tragic dignity of the film is unequalled; whether its makers quite realized it or not, *Proud Valley* says, "This is life under capitalism. This is the best it has to offer. And the best is bad."

JOY DAVIDMAN.

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There was, earlier, the Teachers Union show, *With Bells Ringing.* In the midst of the Rapp-Coudert frenzy, this revue clearly exposed the antics of these men and sang the virtues of organization. The American Youth Theater, composed of shipping clerks, machinists, and the like, produced a series of sprightly shows that even the disdainful press noticed. Alfred Saxe, one of the directors of the Theater of Action, organized the Popular Theater and presented the timely, anti-war play, *Johnny Johnson,* with a company that promises to develop into one of the best acting units in the field. The Negro Playwrights, for lack of money, became dormant after one play, but there is the American Negro Theater that is now showing *Natural Man,* the Negro protest play about John Henry. It is steadily increasing its audiences with both Negro and white supporters, and by all accounts is superior to the professional play of the same theme by Roark Bradford, of several seasons ago. The Woman's Council of the CIO recently organized a trade union drama evening and the result was a highly revealing cross-section of trade union theater development, a development further marked by the annually produced Trade Union Drama Tournament. This competition, sponsored by the Directors Council of the New Theater League, was won this year by the amazing Local 65 of the Wholesale and Warehouse Union with an exhilarating revue called *Sing While You Fight.*

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openings are responsible for this fact. The first of these, *The Sign of the Times,* is the work of the Almanac Players and Singers. The singers, already familiar through their John Doe songs, join forces with a group of youngsters who perform with remarkable wit and skill. They possess a genuine folk quality at once infectious and captivating. Like the ancient theater institution of the public square, they quickly swing the audience within the orbit of their action, so that the people out front become an augmented chorus, follow directions from the stage, produce special choral effects, and in general become completely identified with the company. For the finale, the members of the cast plant themselves throughout the house and lead the audience in singing "Get Out and Stay Out of the War."

There are, however, one or two measures that could be taken to increase their effectiveness. The singers and the actors work a little too independently of each other's material. If the work as a whole could be integrated, if the singers were used more effectively in the sketches, the result would be a people's theater that would be well-nigh irresistible. Dramatization of some of the songs would also help. The charm and poignance of "Billy Boy," for example, were greatly intensified even by the slight dramatization the ballad received.

The second opening is the office workers' *Hold That Line* produced by the Joint Council of the UOPWA, and directed and designed by Colby Ruskin and Robert Simon. As a one-act play dealing with a strike situation, it is in the great tradition created by such plays as *Waiting for Lefty, Plant in the Sun,* and others. It is easily the best trade union script of the season. It was written by Louise Janus and Viola Bley, two young office workers, aided by the members of the union, from experiences growing out of the Credit Information strike of two years ago. The cast is composed exclusively of union members. The performance takes on thereby authentic and believable qualities.

Other strike action plays have as the menace usually the boss, aided by the inevitable plug-uglies who do his dirty work. In this play, however, in addition to the boss, the real villains in *Hold That Line* are the weaknesses, the fears, the uncertainties of white collar workers striking for the first time. Victory seems remote, the company too strong to be tamed by mere office boys and stenographers. At such times the weakest of the strikers with the least understanding, waver, are ready to quit and pull down the whole structure with them. The temptation in the past has always been to solve such a situation by applying the easy pattern of conversion whereby all workers who expressed pessimism, either got over it in a hurry or turned out to be scabs. This problem was handled with intelligence and honesty.

The trade union theater is definitely coming of age.

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS, by Joseph North, editor, New Masses, Sunday, June 1, 8:30 P.M. Workers School, 50 East 13 Street, Admission 25 cents.

SCIENCE & SOCIETY

Contents of the SPRING Issue
Volume V, No. 2:

VARGAS DICTATORSHIP IN BRAZIL
Samuel Putnam

THE PARIS COMMUNE
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Saturday, June 7th

FICTION SESSION: 10 A.M.-1 P.M.

Chairmen: BENJAMIN APPEL—MILLEN BRAND
EUGENE HOLMES, "Writers and Bookstores"
KEN CROSSEN, "New Heroes in the Pulp Field"
DASHIELL HAMMETT, "Murder Mystery"
ROBERT CARSE, "Fiction and the News"
MYRA PAGE, "Extending the Writer's Audience"
MILLEN BRAND, "Cities in the Modern Novel"
WILLIAM BLAKE, "Historical Writing"
PIETRO DI DONATO, "The Way I See Character"
WELLINGTON ROE, "Factory as a Theme"
ALBERT MALTZ, "What to Write About in a Period of Reaction"
WILLIAM ROLLINS, Jr., "War in Fiction"
M. TJADER HARRIS, "Documentary Writing"
PAUL COREY, "Farm Novel"

RADIO SESSION: 10 A.M.-1 P.M.

Chairman: WILLIAM DODD, Jr.
ROBERT RICHARDS, "Current Trends in Radio"
FRANK GRIFFIN, "The Negro in Radio"
Performance of excerpts from EARL ROBINSON'S and NORMAN CORWIN'S "The People, Yes"
A Paper on "The Radio Writer in Hollywood"

CRITICS SESSION: 2 P.M.-5 P.M.

Chairman: SAMUEL SILLEN
DOROTHY BREWSTER, "Interpretation of Social Change in Literature"
EDWIN BERRY BURGUM, The Problem of Standards in Criticism"
MICHAEL GOLD, "An Evaluation of Proletarian Literature in the Thirties"
HERBERT APTHEKER, "The Negro's Contribution to American Culture"

SCREEN WRITERS SESSION: 8 P.M.-11 P.M.

Papers by Hollywood Writers on:
"Fundamental Analysis of Movies and War"
"Analysis of Technical and Structural Trends in the Movies"
"Motion Picture Criticism"
"Anti-Semitism in Hollywood"

LABOR JOURNALISM SESSION: 8 P.M.-11 P.M.

Chairman: ALEXANDER L. CROSBY
DR. ALFRED McCLUNG LEE, "Advertising and Production Problems"
LYLE DOWLING, "The Labor Paper and Union Policy"
FRED MYERS, "Higher Standards for the Labor Press"

YOUNG WRITERS SESSION: 8 P.M.-11 P.M.

Chairman: WILLIAM GRESHAM
MILLEN BRAND, MARY ELTING and young writers discuss Markets, Technique, Economic Problems of the Young Writer, Editorial Taboos, etc.

Sunday, June 8th

DRAMATISTS SESSION: 10 A.M.-1 P.M.

Chairman: MARC BLITZSTEIN
LEM WARD, "The Waiting Theatres"
ELEANOR FLEXNER, "Broadway Battleground"
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, "Technical and Social Changes in Our Theatres for the Past Fifty Years"

JUVENILE WRITERS SESSION: 10 A.M.-1 P.M.

Chairman: RUTH EPPERSON KENNELL
MARY LAPSLEY, "Socially Constructive Writing for Children"
WANDA GAG, "The Relation of the Artist to the Juvenile Writer." Comment by HOWARD SIMON
Papers by MARGARET T. RAYMOND, EVA KNOX EVANS, MARSHALL McCLINTOCK

LATIN-AMERICAN SESSION: 10 A.M.-1 P.M.

Chairman: SAMUEL PUTNAM
CIRO ALEGRIA, "Culture and the People of Latin America"
ENRIQUE GIL GILBERT, "The Position of the Latin American Writer at the Present Time"
CECILIO J. CARNEIRO of Brazil

GENERAL SESSION: 2 P.M.-5 P.M.

Chairman: HENRY HART
LYND WARD, "Art and the Individual in Society"
ALVAH BESSIE, "The Writer and the Spanish War"
SAMUEL SILLEN, "The Function of the Intellectual Today"
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, "American Democracy: Past Hope; Present Betrayal; Future Promise"

POETS, SONG WRITERS, AND FOLK SINGERS SESSION: 8 P.M.-11 P.M.

Chairman: ALFRED KREYMBORG
"The Poet and the People," a debate among JOY DAVIDMAN, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, ALFRED KREYMBORG
"The Poet and His Audience," papers and discussion
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